

MARCH No.22

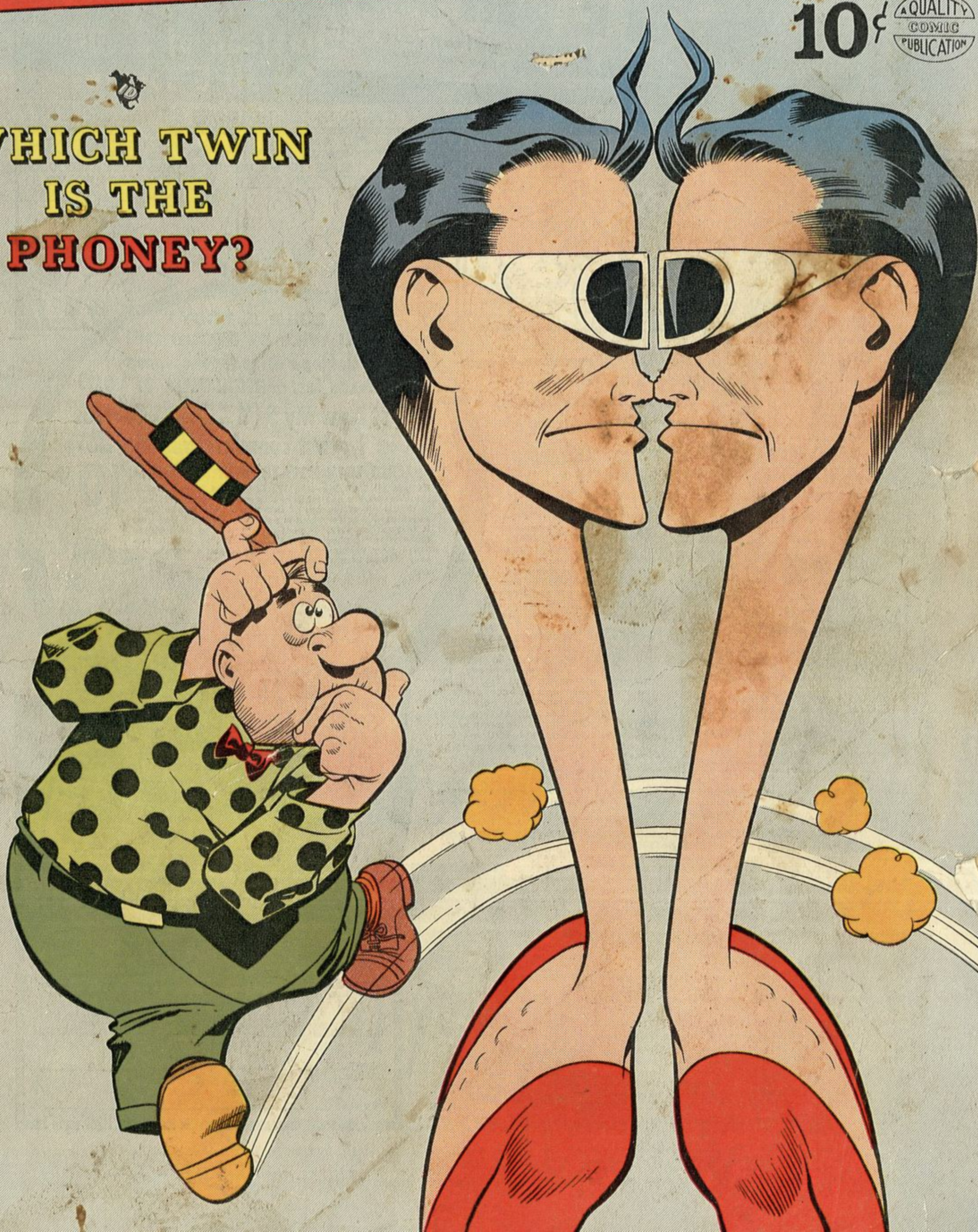
PLASTIC MAN

I.C.D.
3

10¢

A QUALITY
COMIC
PUBLICATION

**WHICH TWIN
IS THE
PHONEY?**





WEB COMIC
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Let's Go, Pal! I'll prove I can make you an "ALL-AROUND" HE-MAN

"The Jowett System is the greatest in the world!" says R. F. Kelly, Physical Director, Atlantic City.



FAST or it won't cost you a cent—
says George F. Jowett—World's Greatest Body Builder

HOW YOU CAN BE A **WINNER** AT ANYTHING YOU TACKLE WITH **PROGRESSIVE POWER**



Enjoy My "Progressive Power" Strength Secrets!
Give me 10 Easy Minutes a Day — Without Strain!

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis — that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back — in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Yes, I'll jam you with power and self-confidence to master any situation—to win popularity—and to get ahead on the job! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

Just a Few of the Records of
George F. Jowett
whom experts call the "Champion of Champions"
• World's welter weight wrestling champion at 17
• World's weight lifting champion at 19
• Reputed to have the strongest arms in the world.
• Four times winner of the world's most perfectly developed body . . . plus many, many other world records!

PROVE IT TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 10c for my 5 easy-to-follow, picture-packed courses now in a complete volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that surges through your muscles.

READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT. WHY DON'T YOU FOLLOW IN THEIR FOOTSTEPS!

A. PASSAMONT
Jowett-trained athlete who was named America's first prize-winner for Physical Perfection.



REX FERRIS
Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa. Says he: "I owe everything to Jowett methods!" Look at this chest—then consider the value of the Jowett Courses!



10 DAY TRIAL!

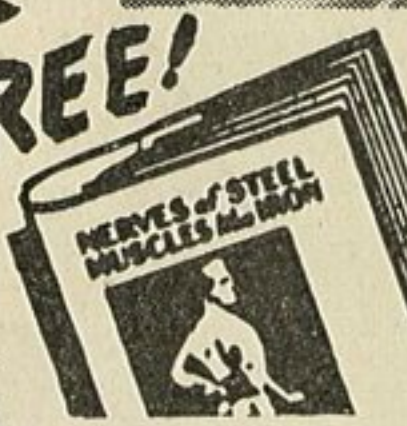
Think of it—all five of these famous courses now in one picture-packed volume for only 10c. If you're not delighted with this famous muscle-building guide—if you don't actually **FEEL** results within **ONE WEEK**, send it back and your money will be promptly refunded!

Send for Jowett's Photo Book of Famous Strong Men!

This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for **FREE** gift book of **PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN**.

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE Dept. Q-03 230 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 1,

FREE!

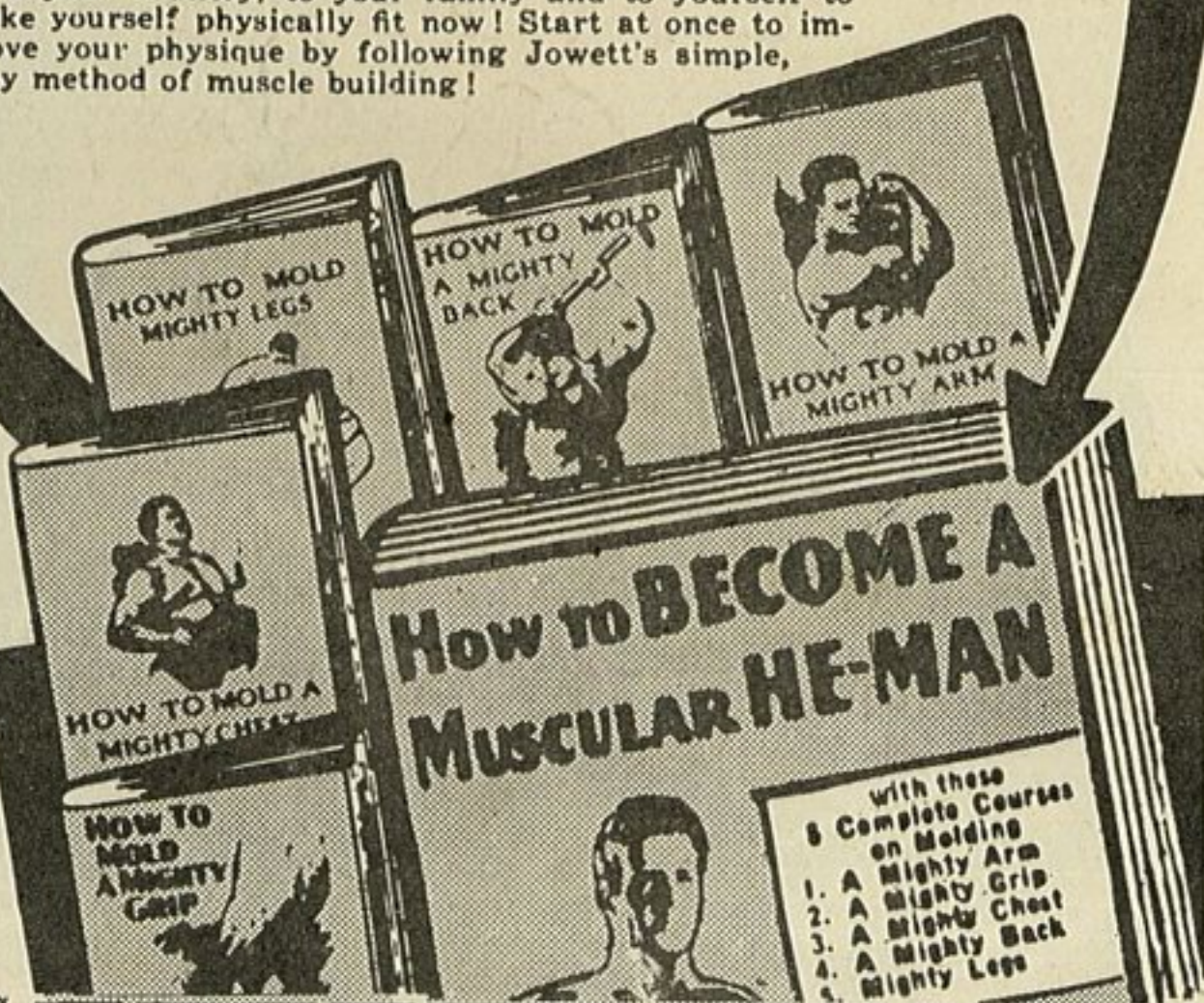


AMAZING
get - acquainted offer
YOUR LAST CHANCE
FOR ONLY **10c**
instead of \$1.00
for all 5 courses

BUILD A BODY YOU WILL BE PROUD OF!
I am making a drive for thousands of new friends fast—REGARDLESS OF COST!
So Get Now My 5 (Valued at \$5 each) Muscle Building Courses
All in 1 great complete volume **FOR ONLY**

PACKED WITH HOW-TO-DO-IT PICTURES!
At last all 5 of Jowett's, World-Famous Muscle-Building Courses are available in one great complete volume to thousands of readers of this publication at the "get-acquainted", extremely low price of only 10c! You owe it to your country, to your family and to yourself to make yourself physically fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle building!

10c



FREE GIFT COUPON!

Dept. Q-03

George F. Jowett
Champion of Champions

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.
Dear George: Please send by return mail, prepaid, **FREE** Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men, along with all 5 Muscle Building Courses. 1. Molding a Mighty Chest. 2. Molding a Mighty Arm. 3. Molding a Mighty Grip. 4. Molding a Mighty Back. 5. Molding Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to Become a Muscle He-Man".
ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING.

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NO C.O.D.s.

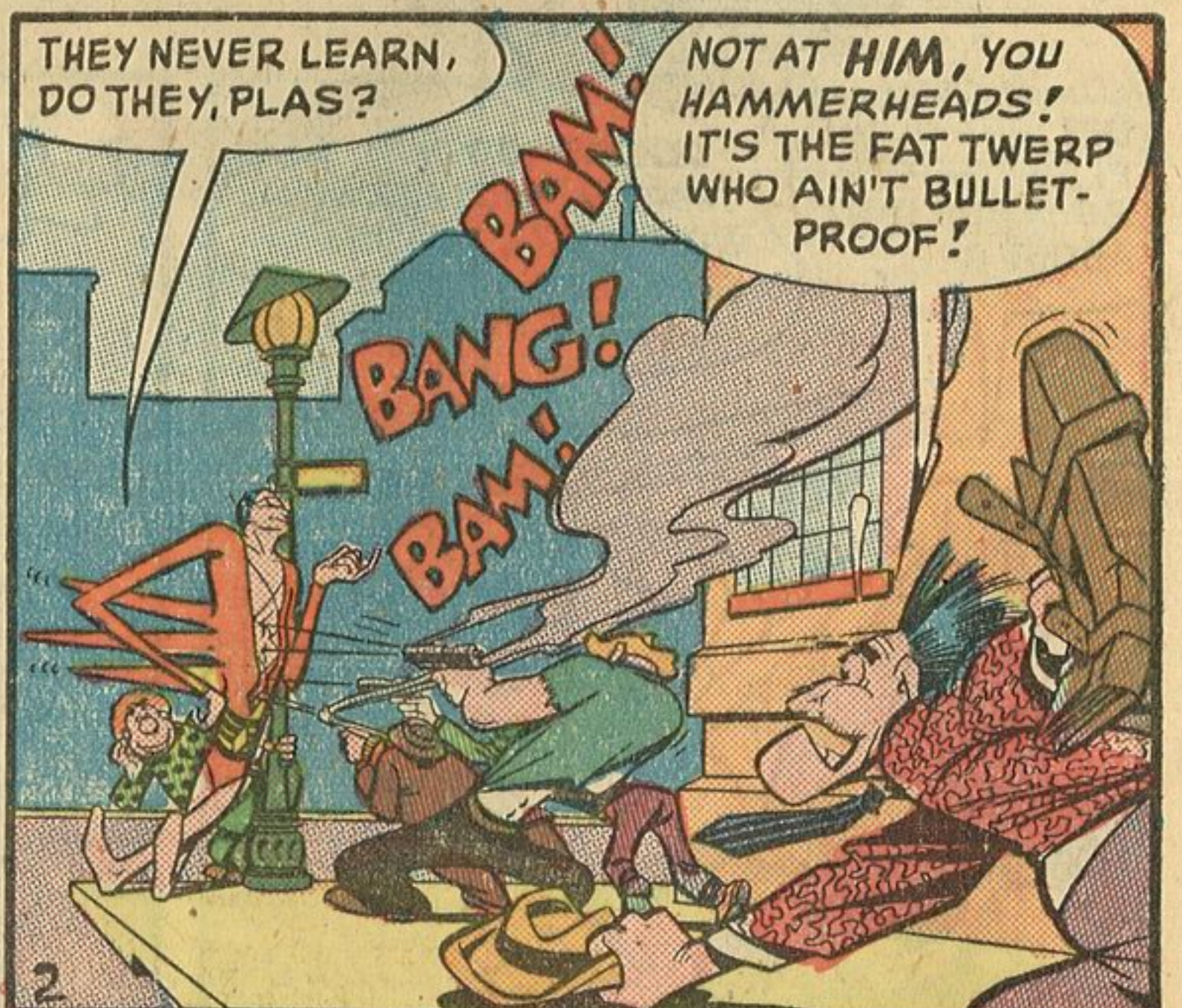
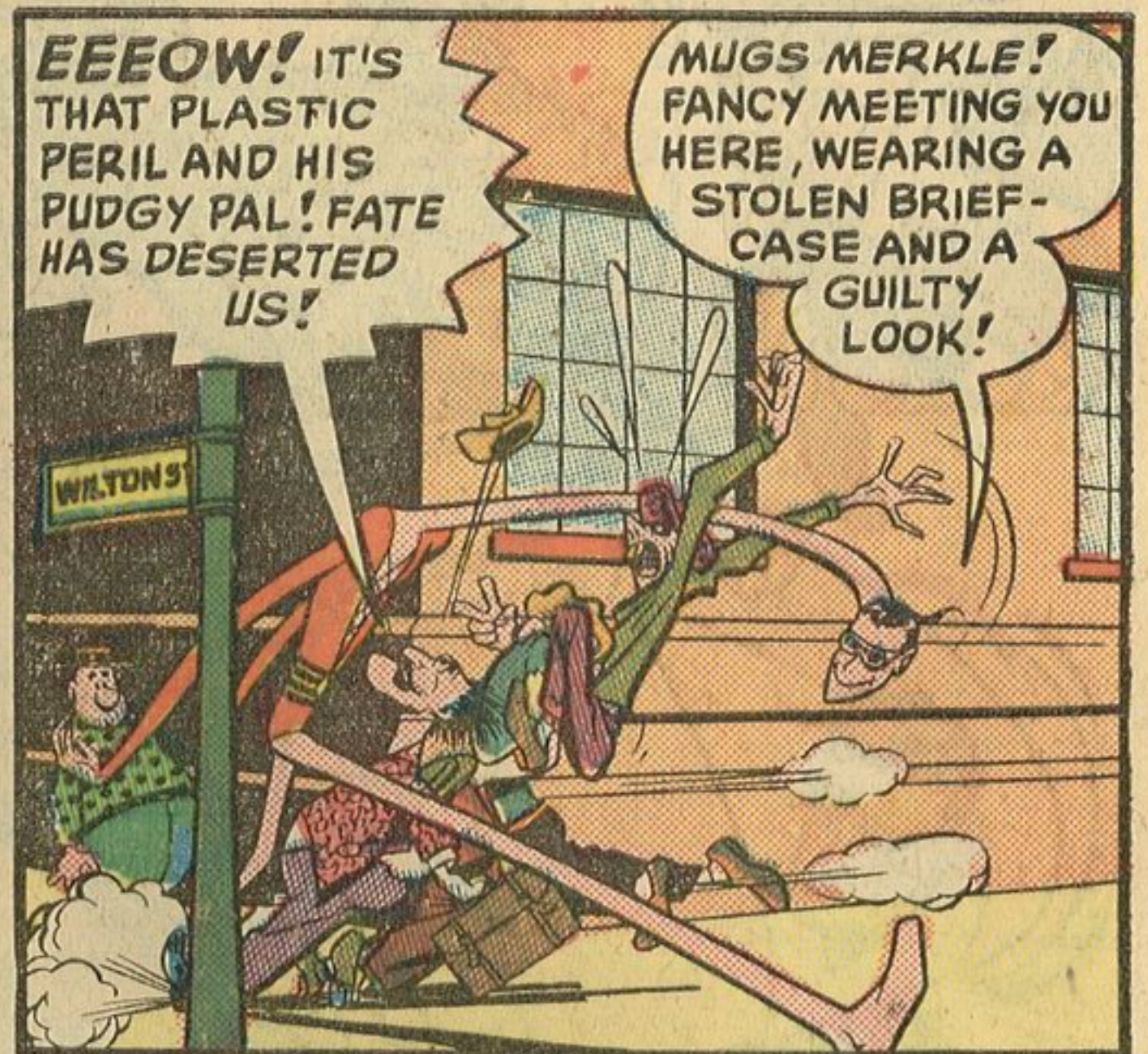
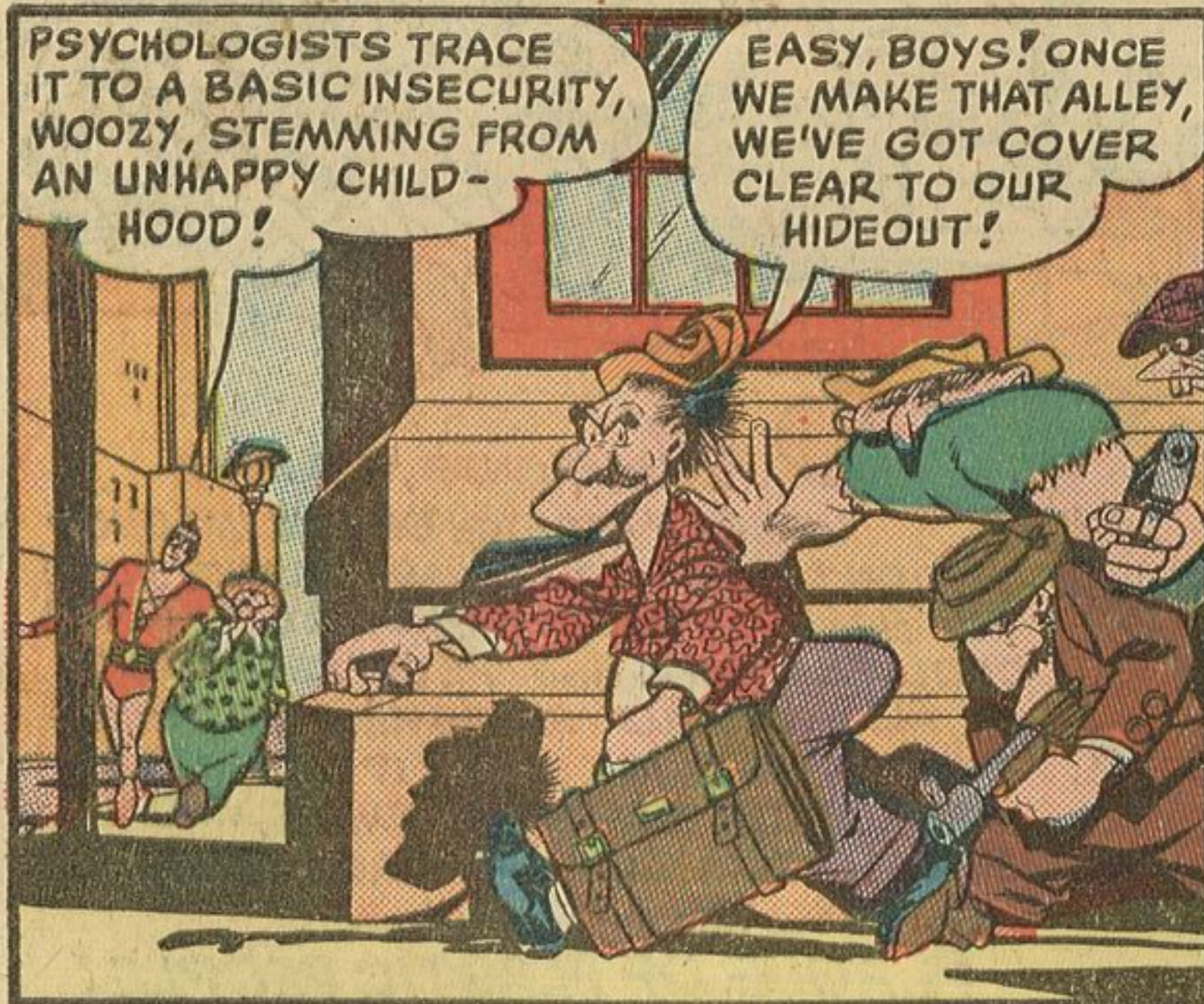
PLASTIC MAN



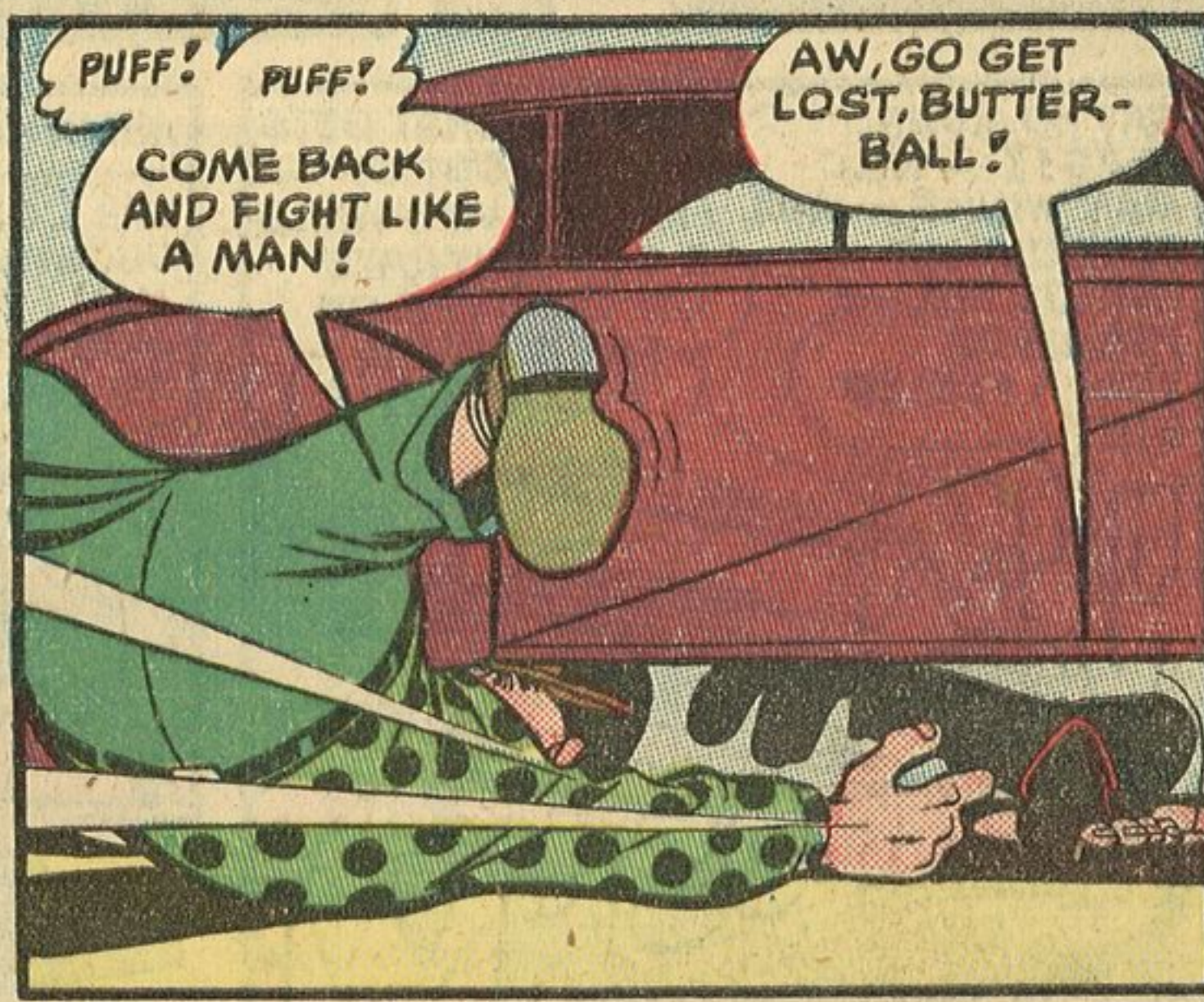
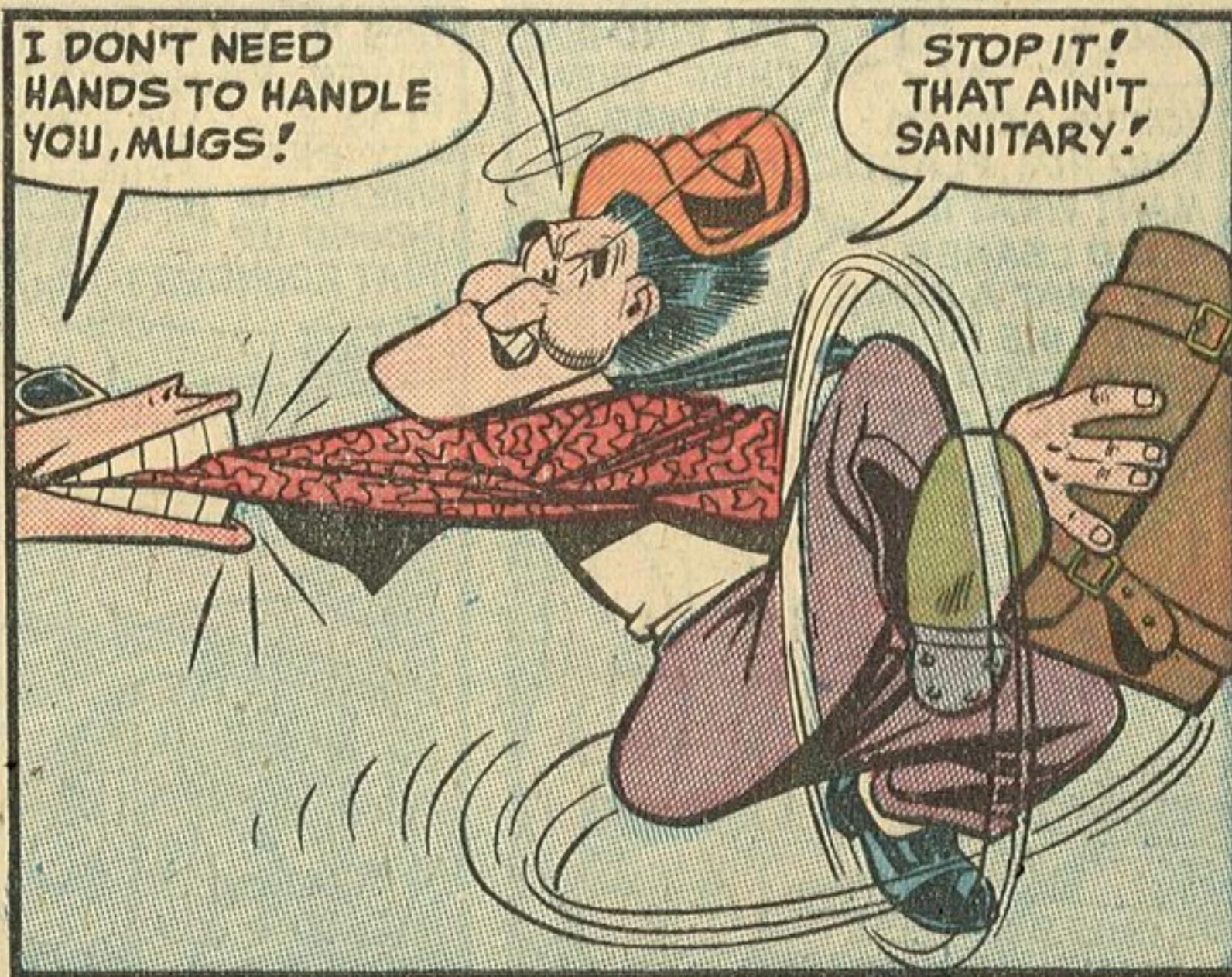
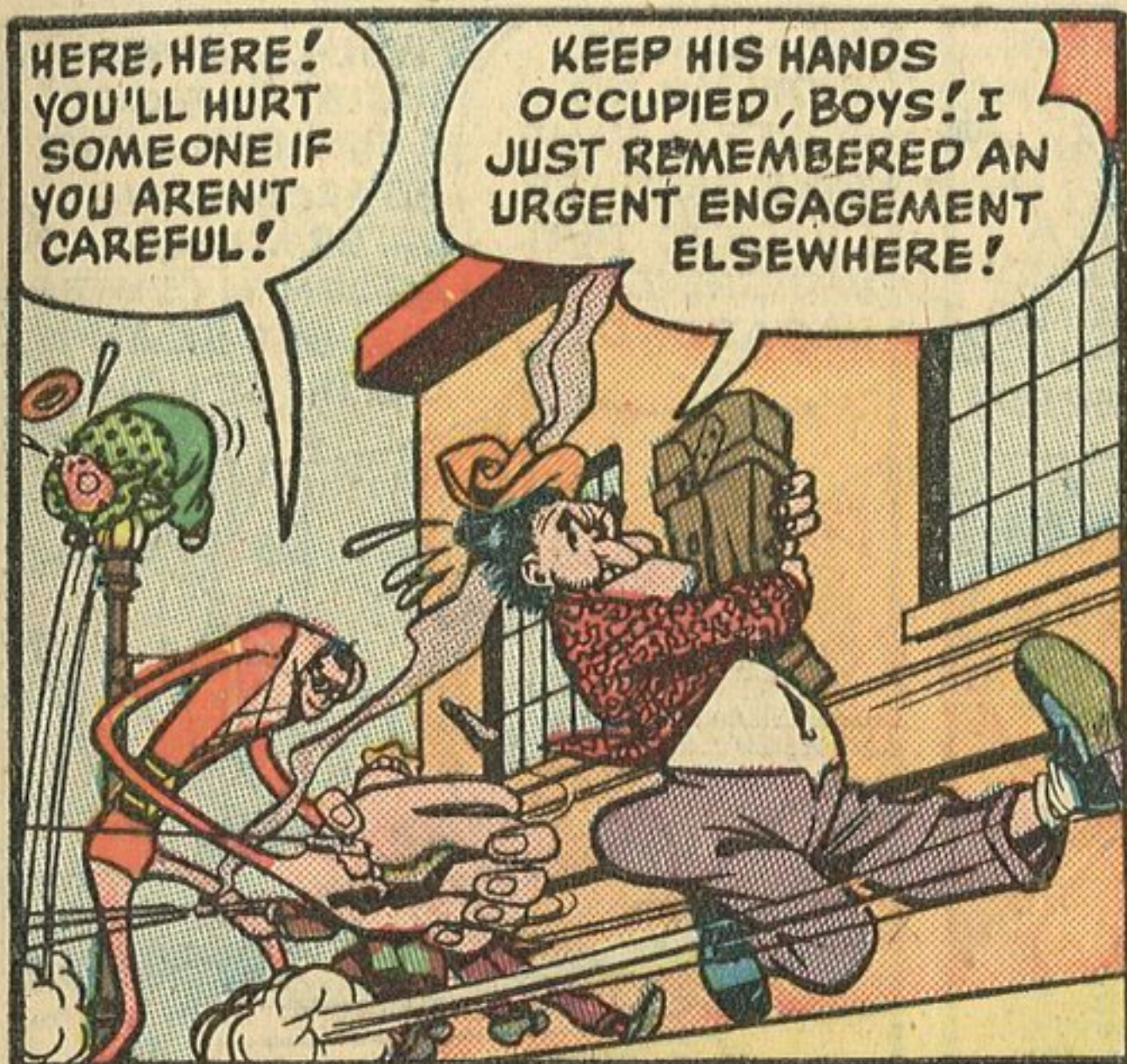
NO, FRIENDS, IT'S NOT A HORRIBLE STRETCH OF YOUR IMAGINATION! PLASTIC MAN WAS CHASING SOME HOT BONDS---WOOTZY WINKS WAS CHASING A COOL BLONDE---AND "PITCH" PENNY, KING OF THE SIDEWALK SALESMEN, WAS JUST CHASING A QUICK BUCK! IT WAS MUGS MERKLE, THE MAYHEM MAGNATE, WHO TURNED THAT COMMONPLACE COMBINATION INTO THE DREADFUL...
PLAGUE OF PLASTIC PEOPLE!



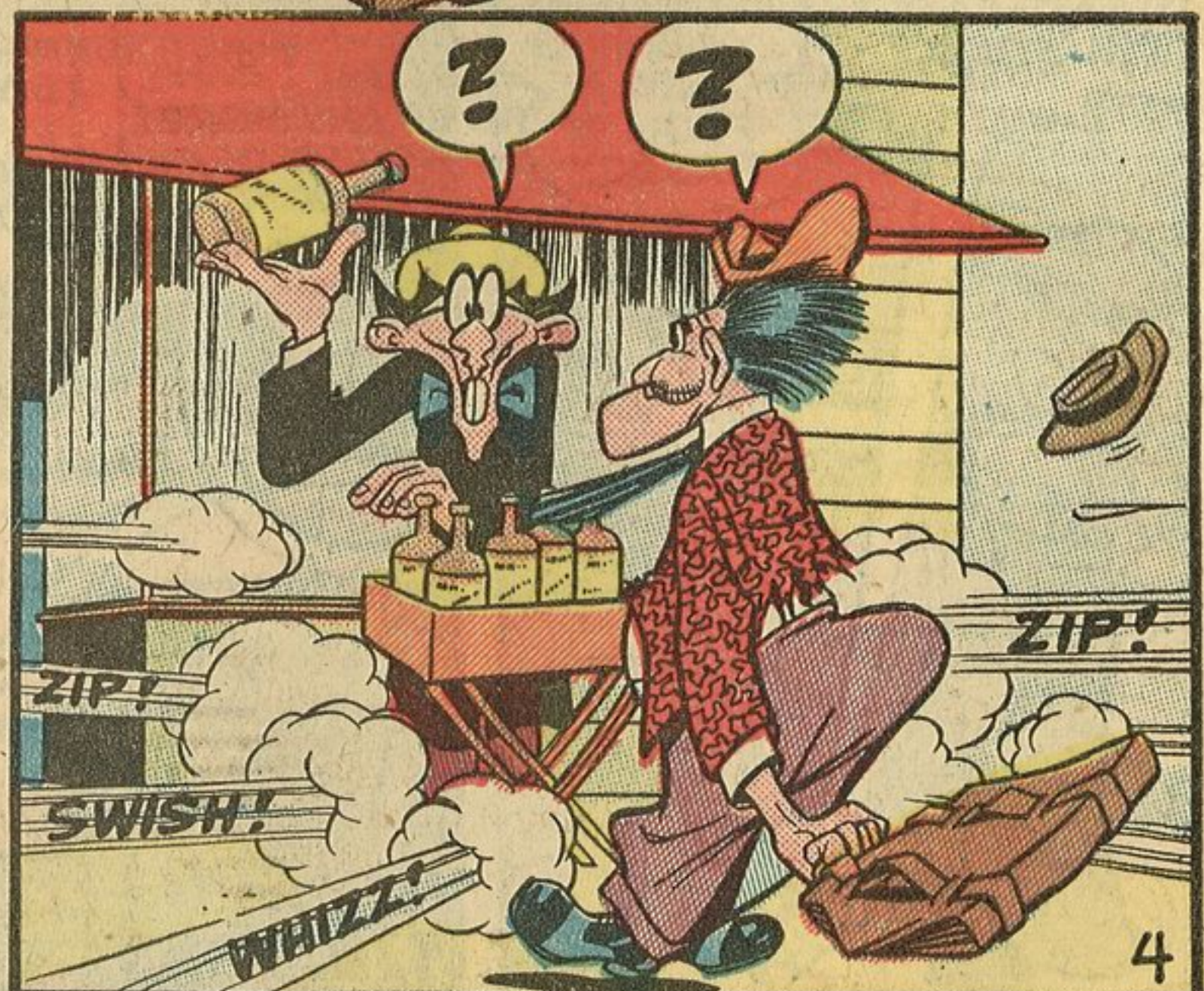
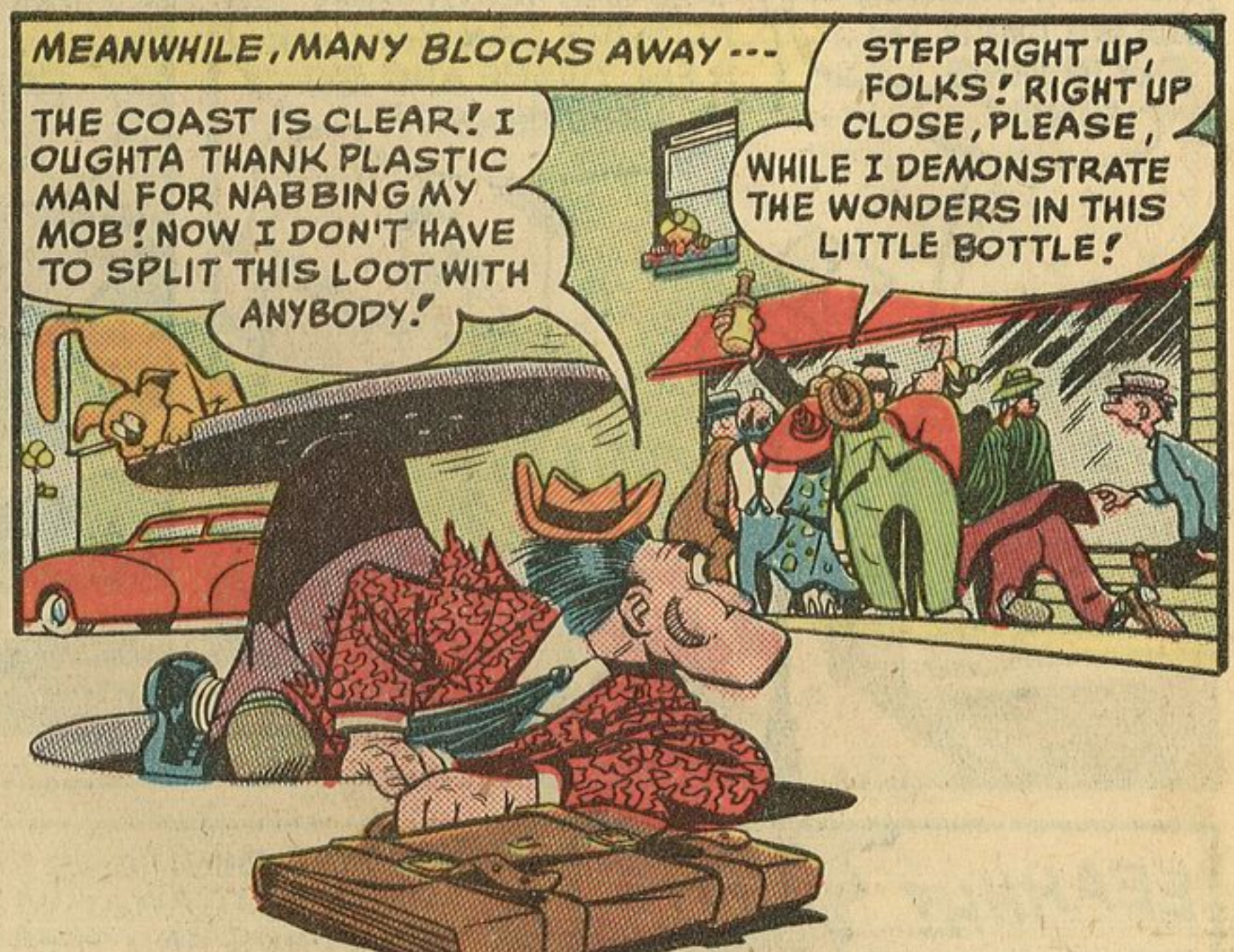
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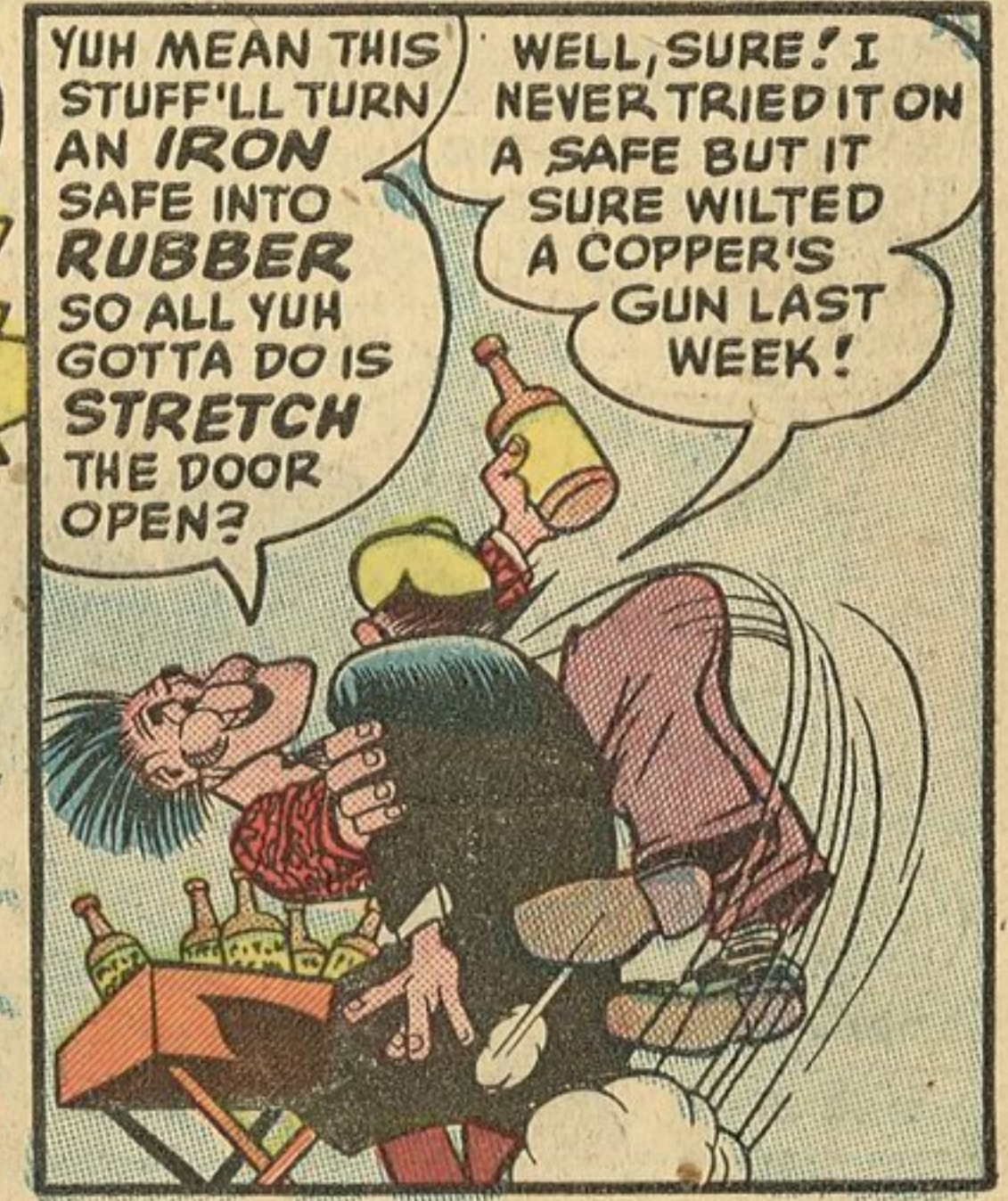
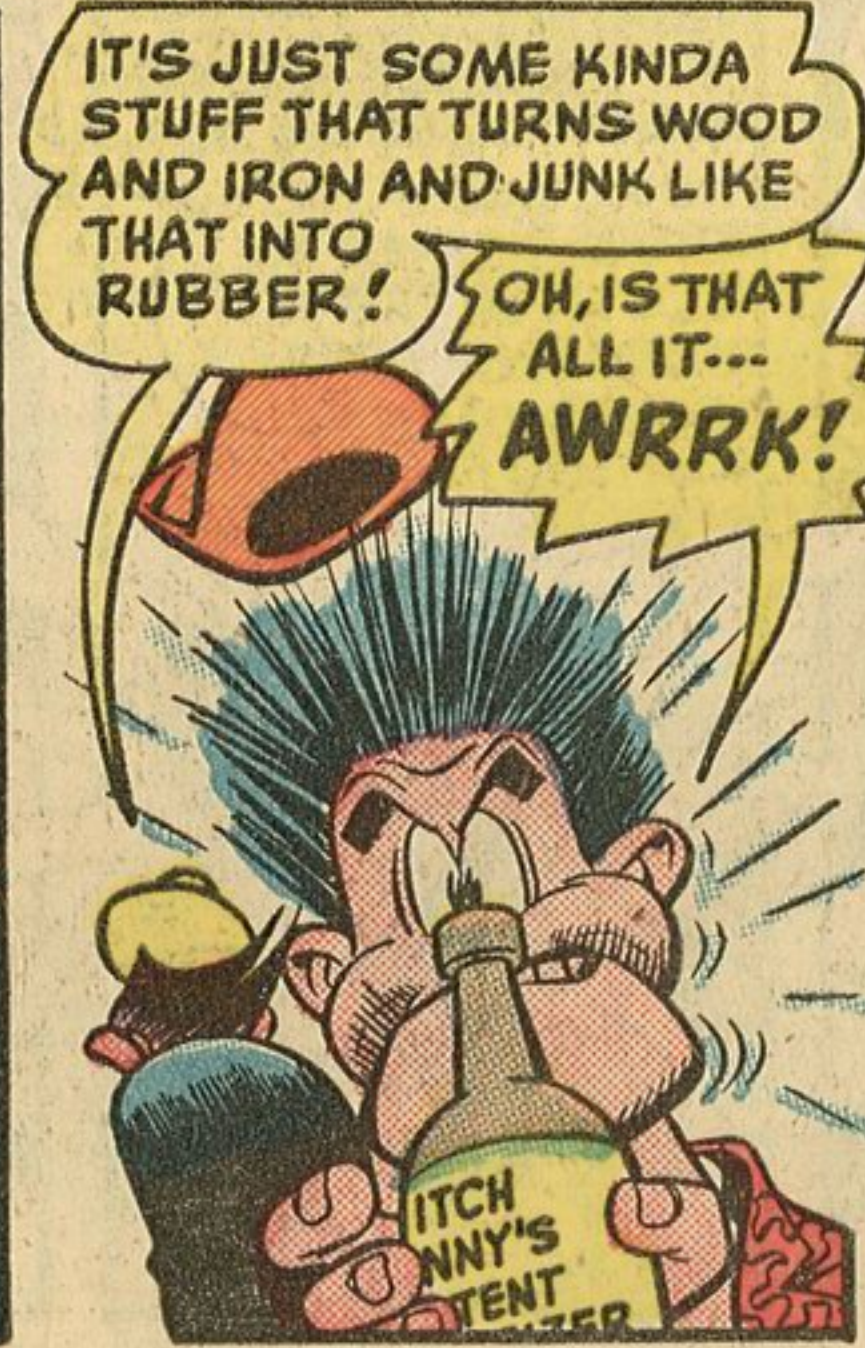
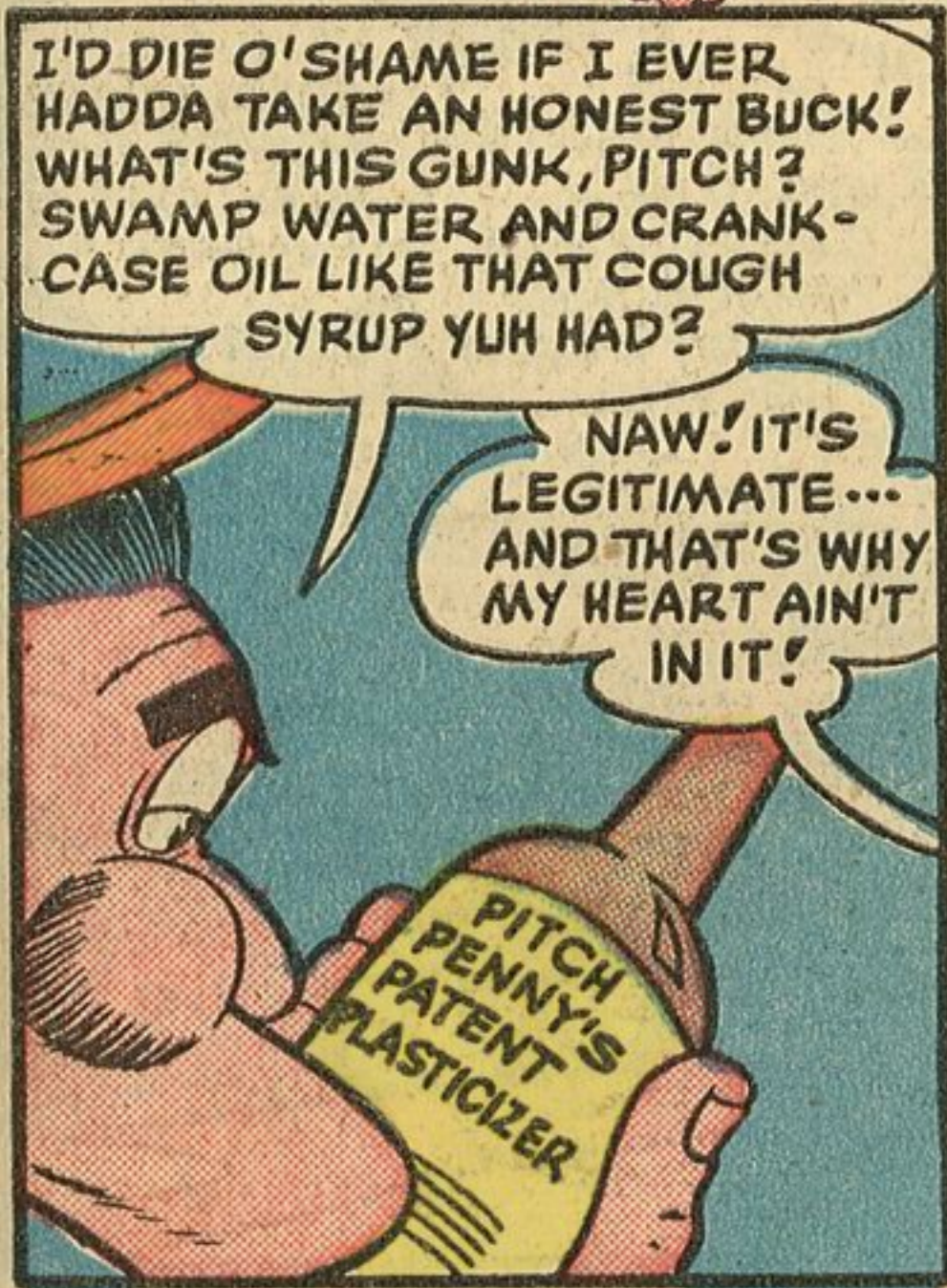
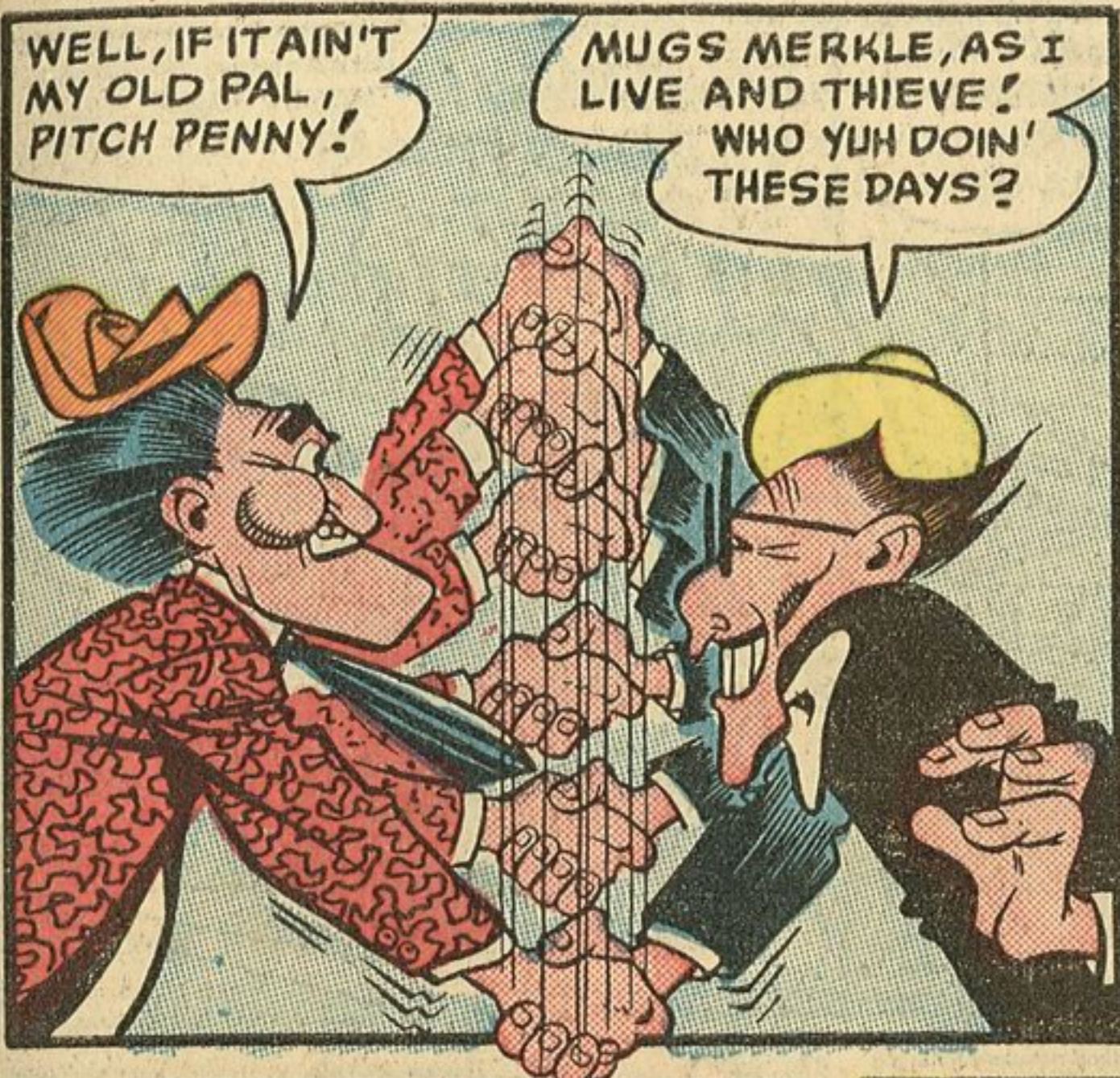
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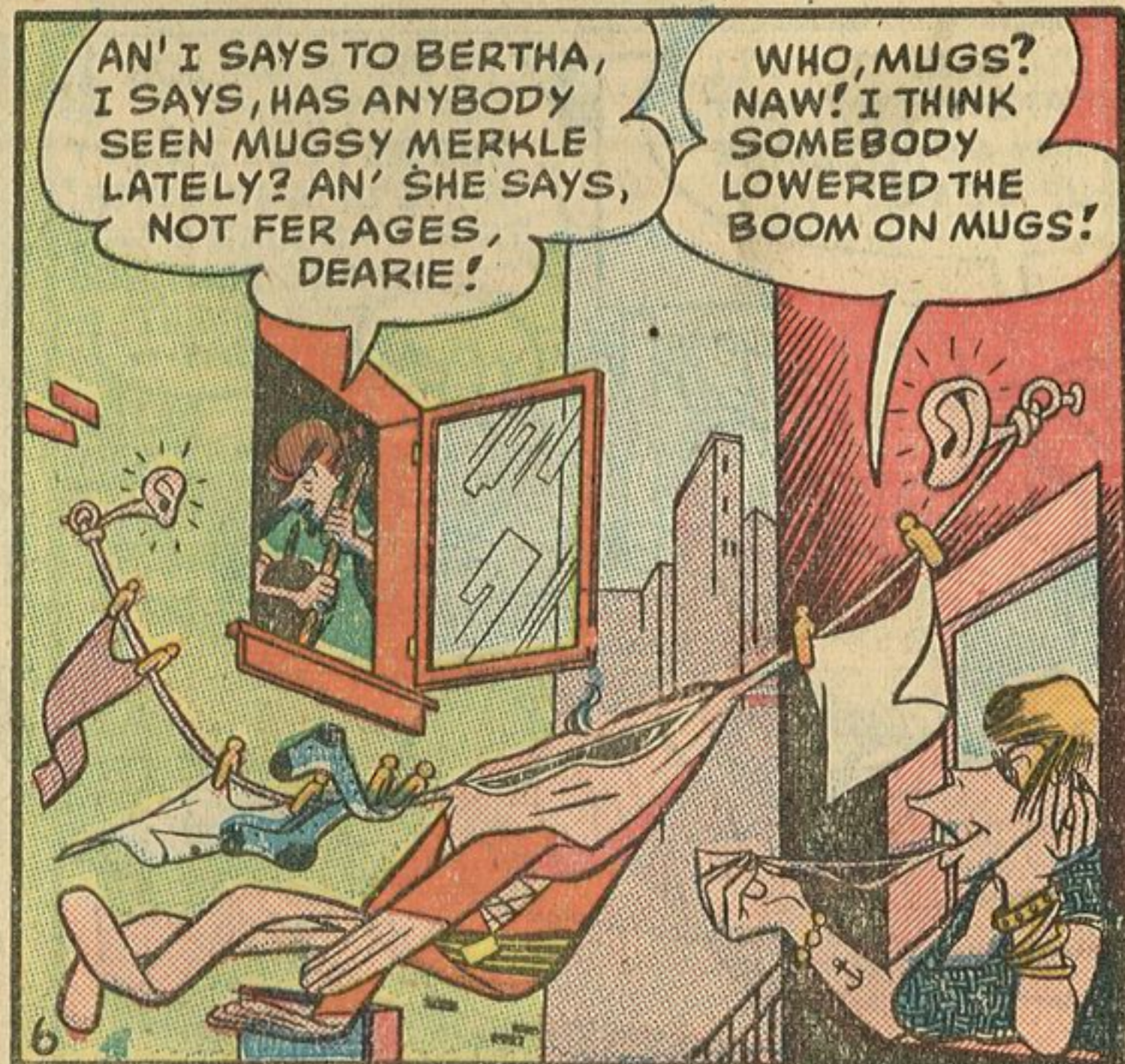
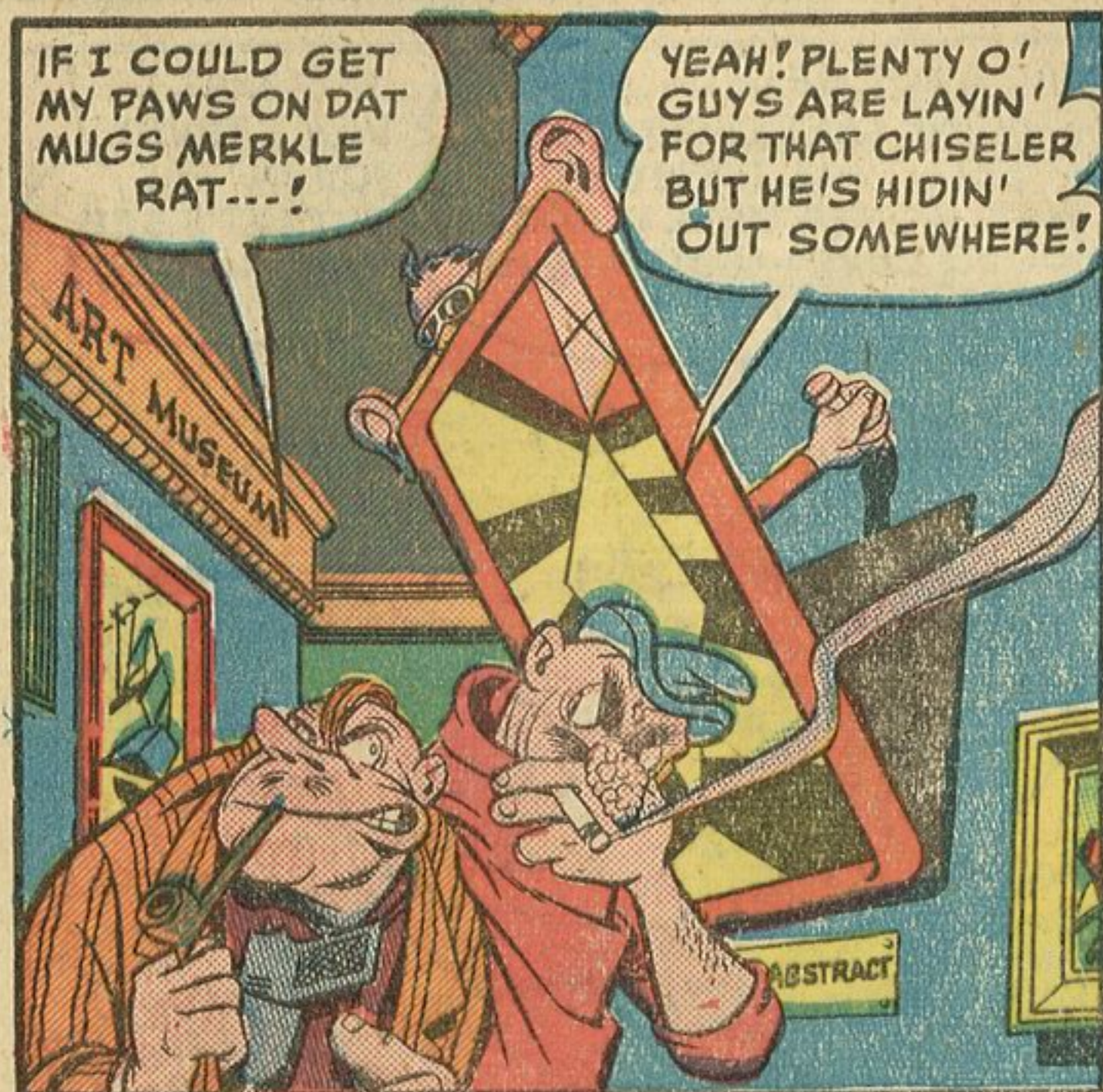
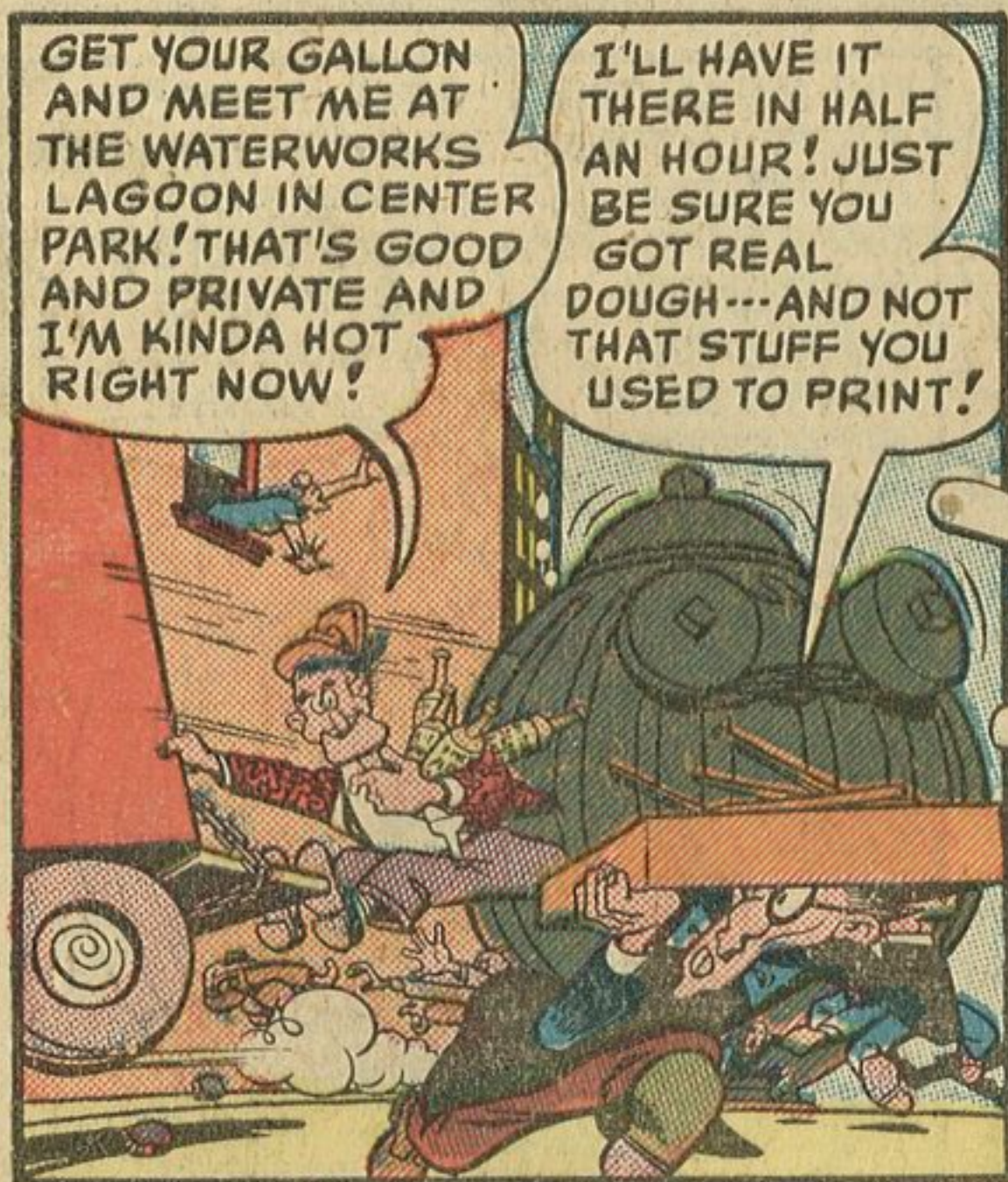
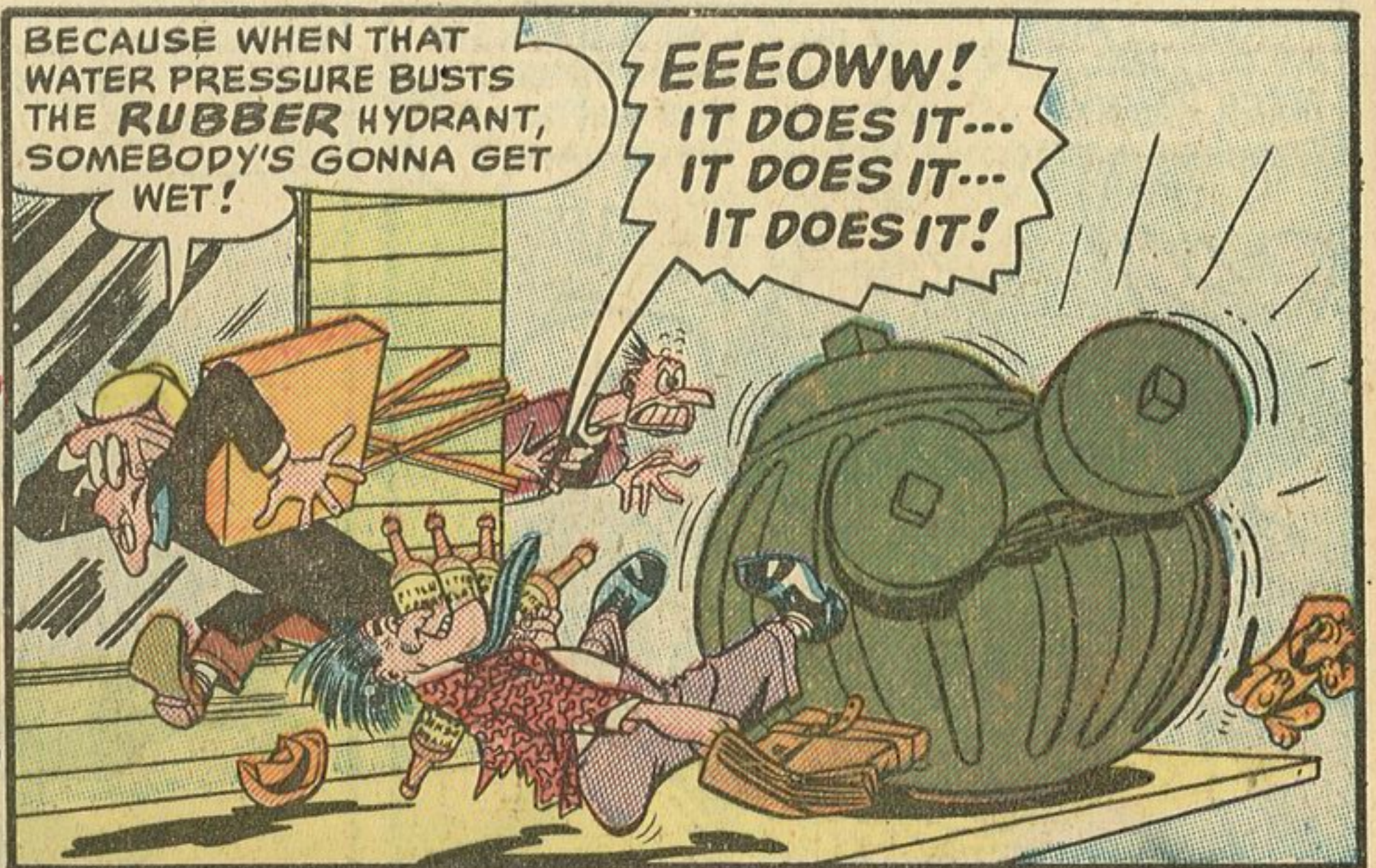
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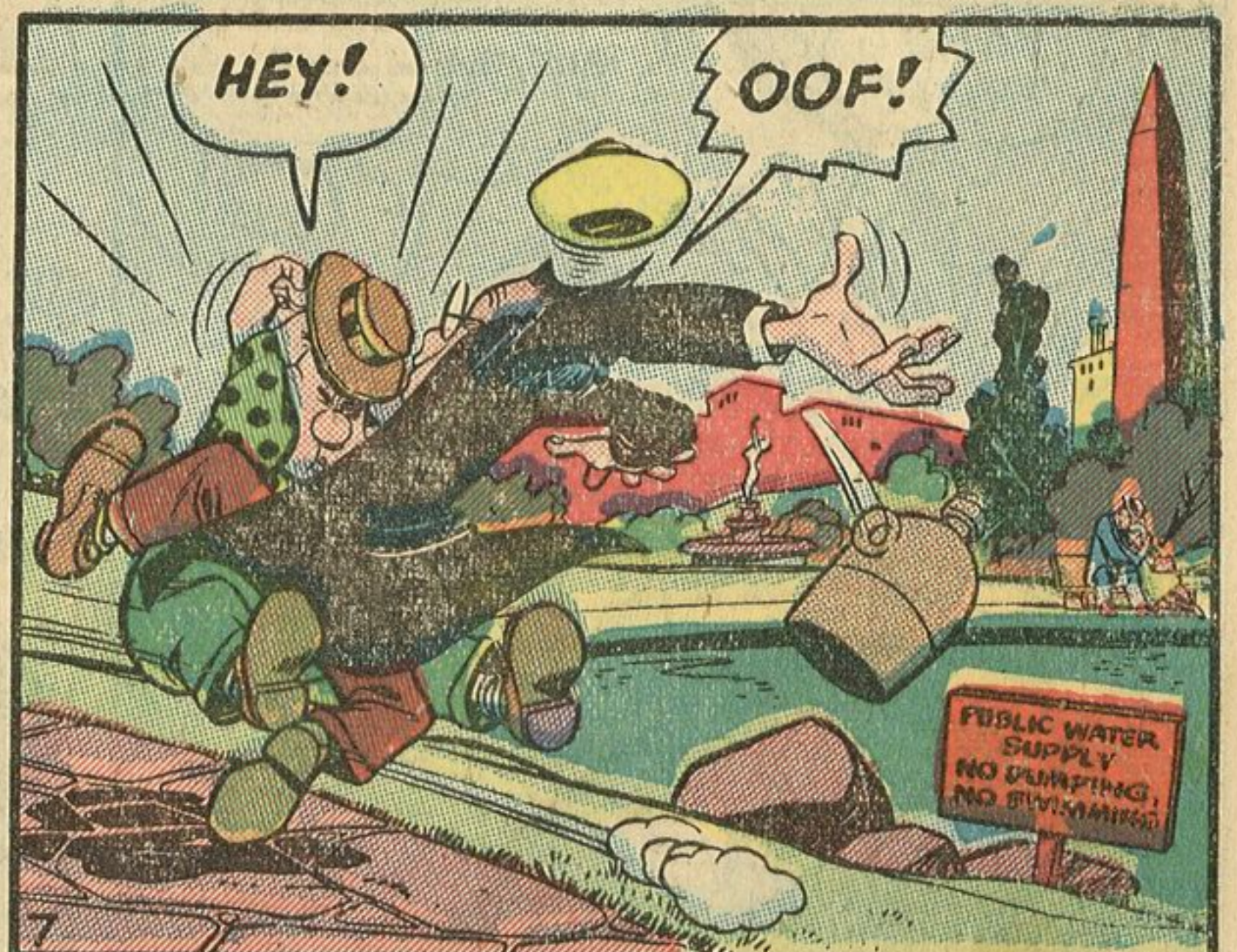
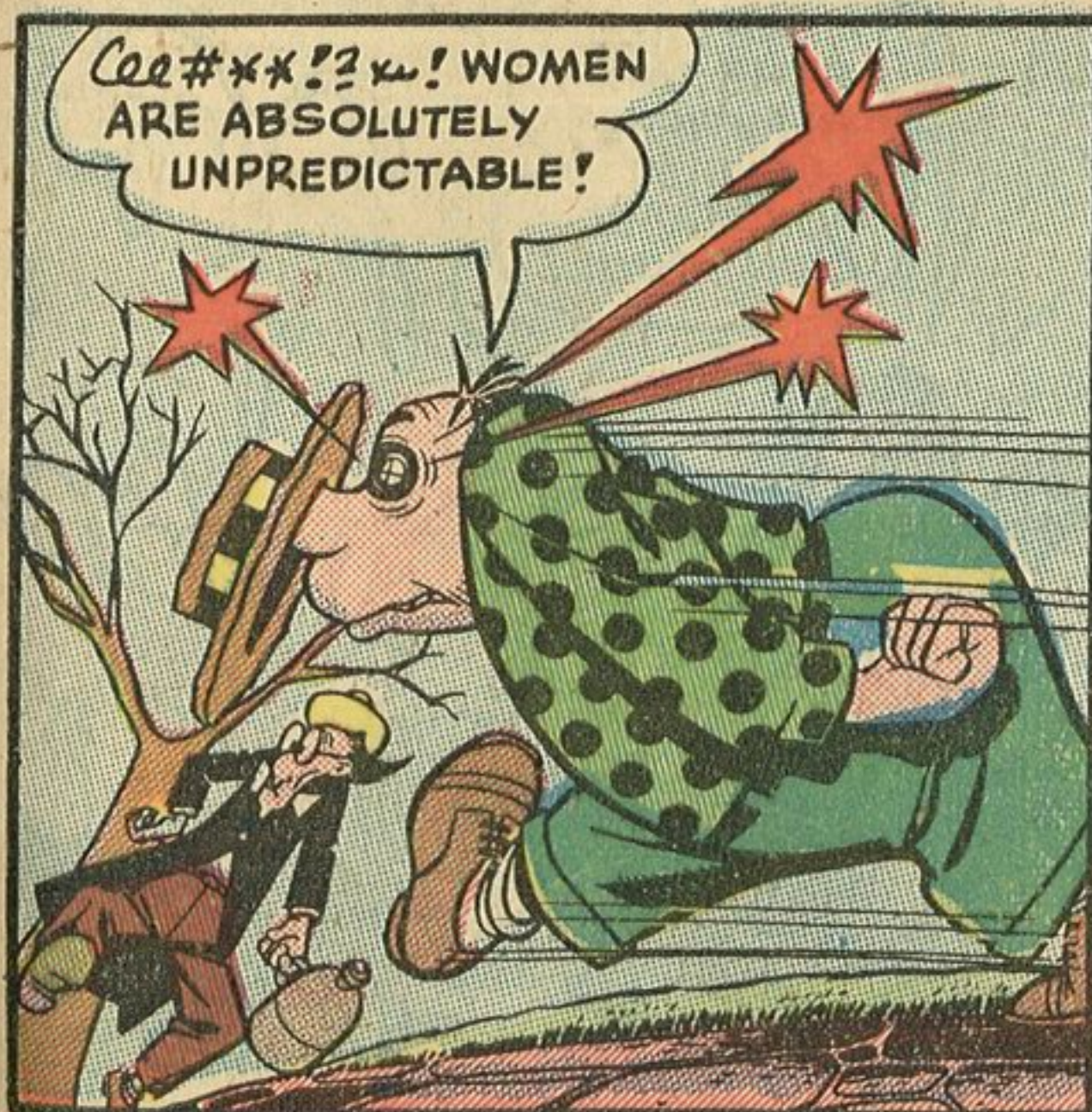
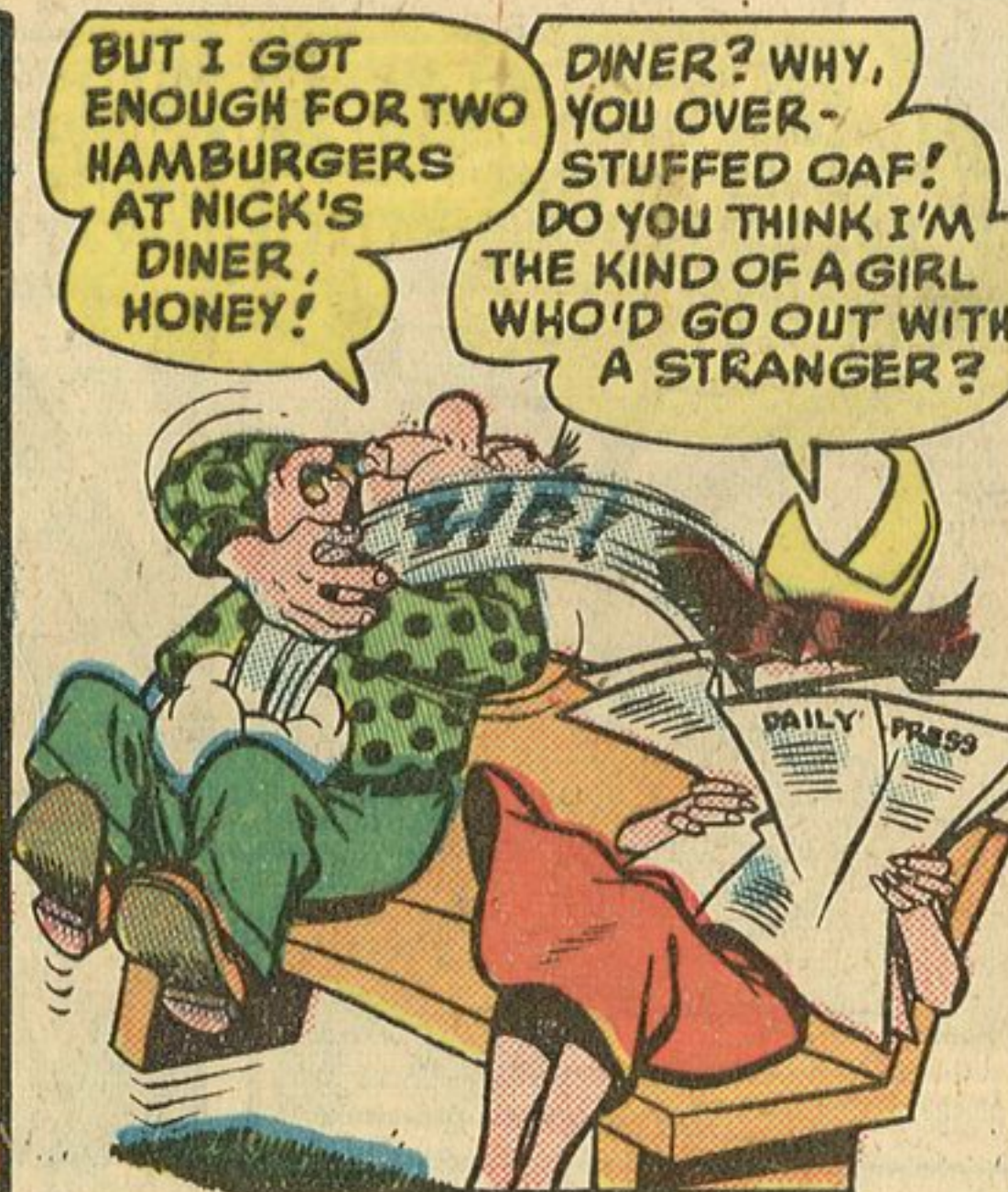
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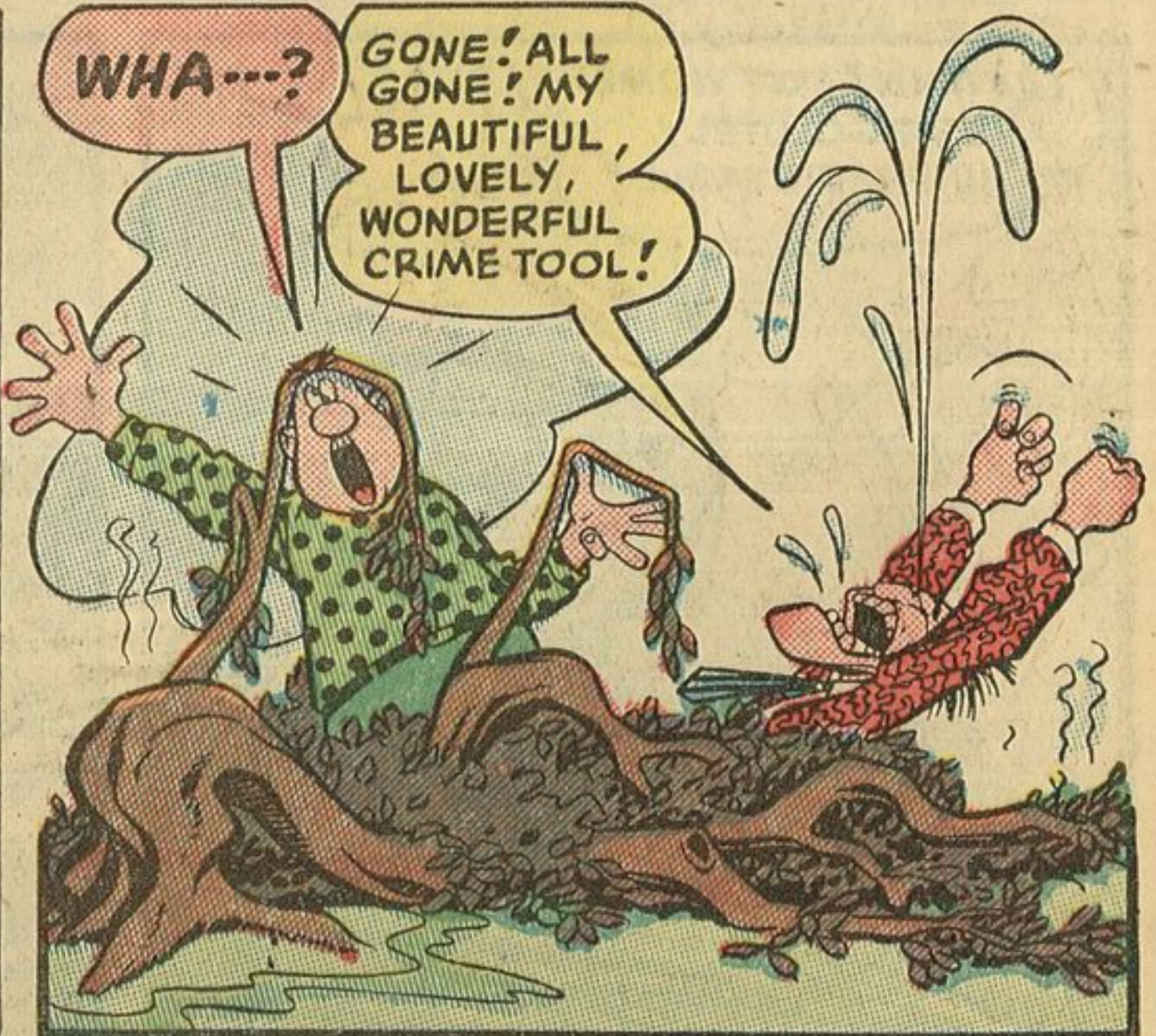
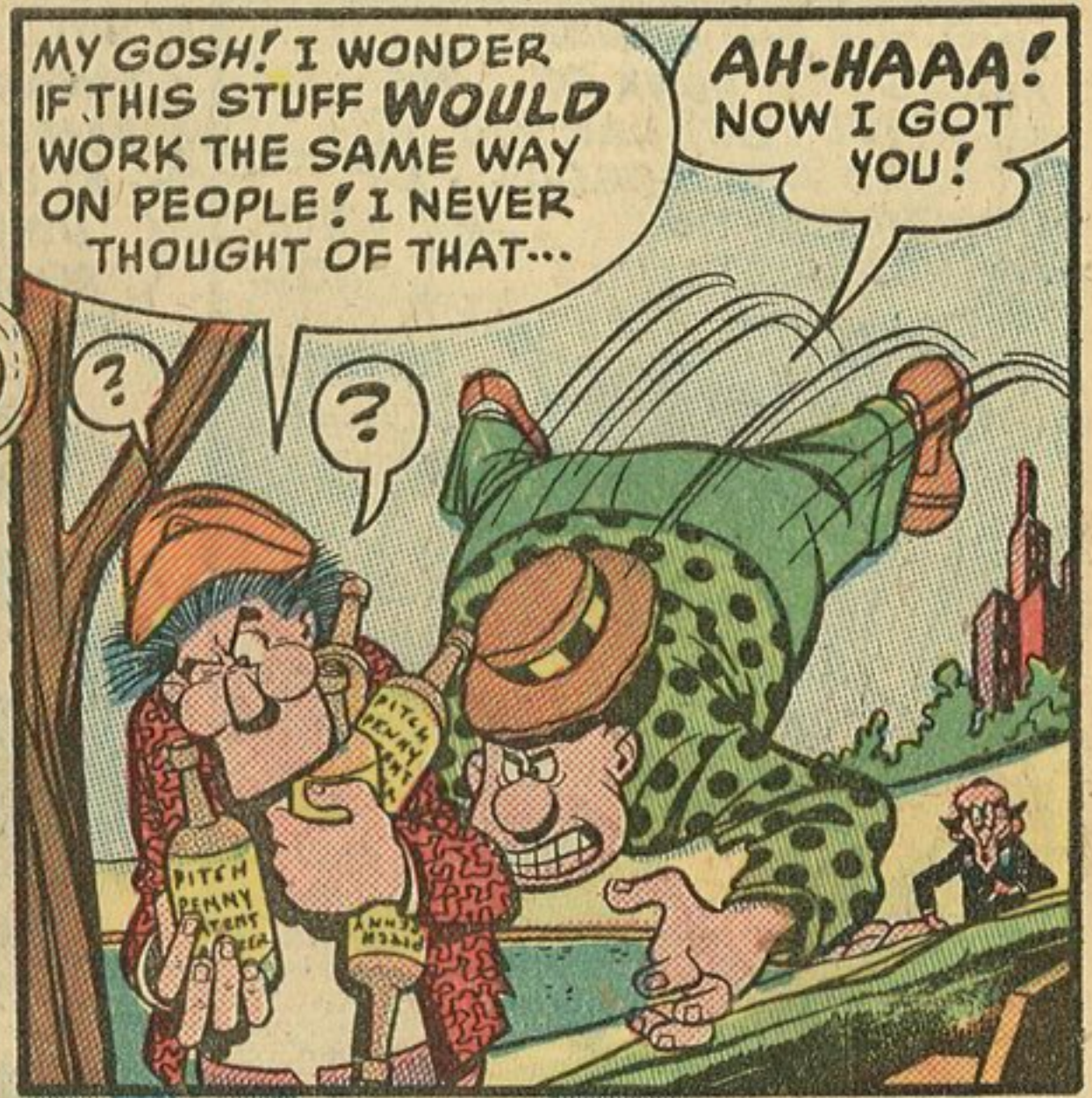
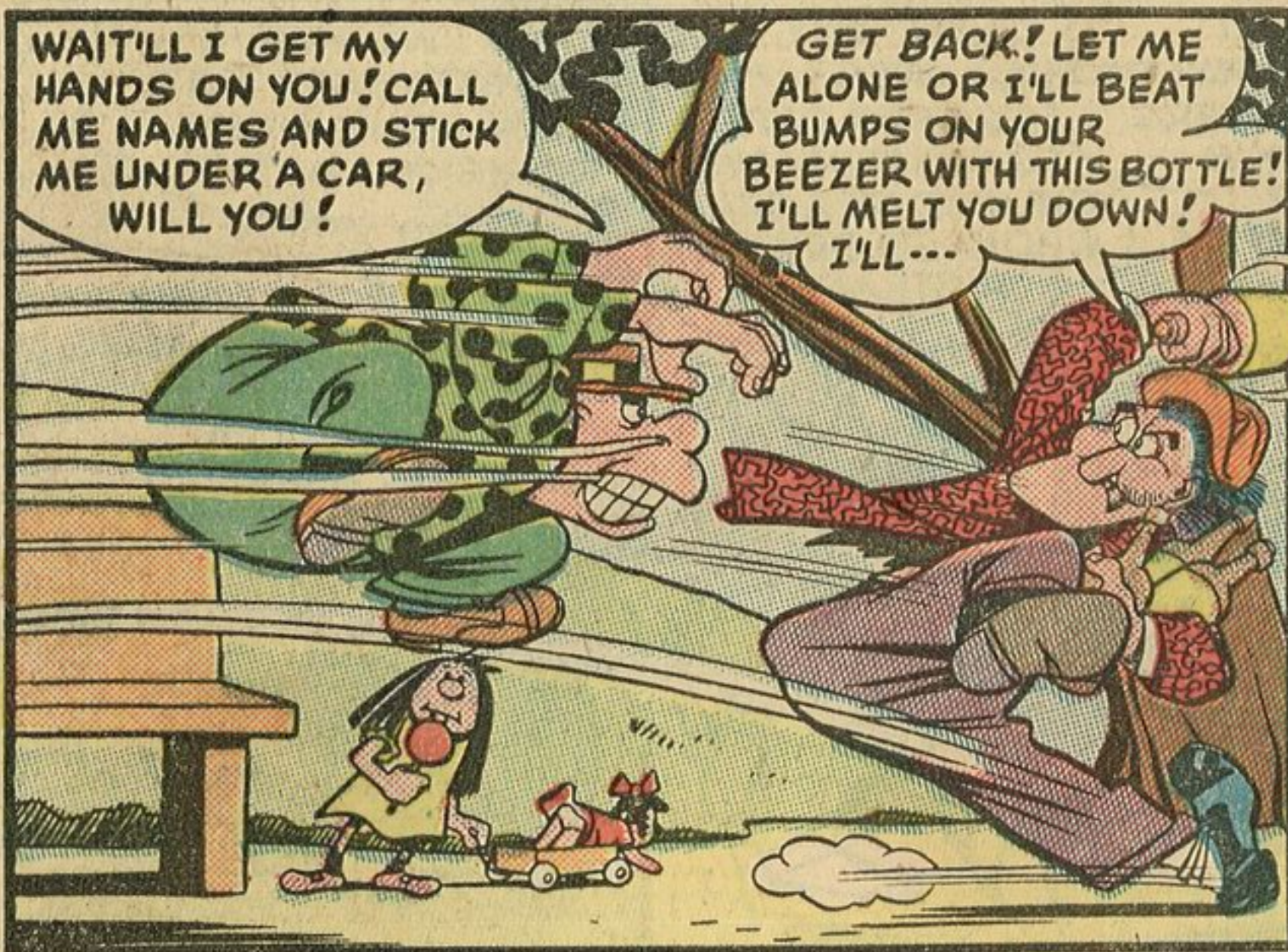
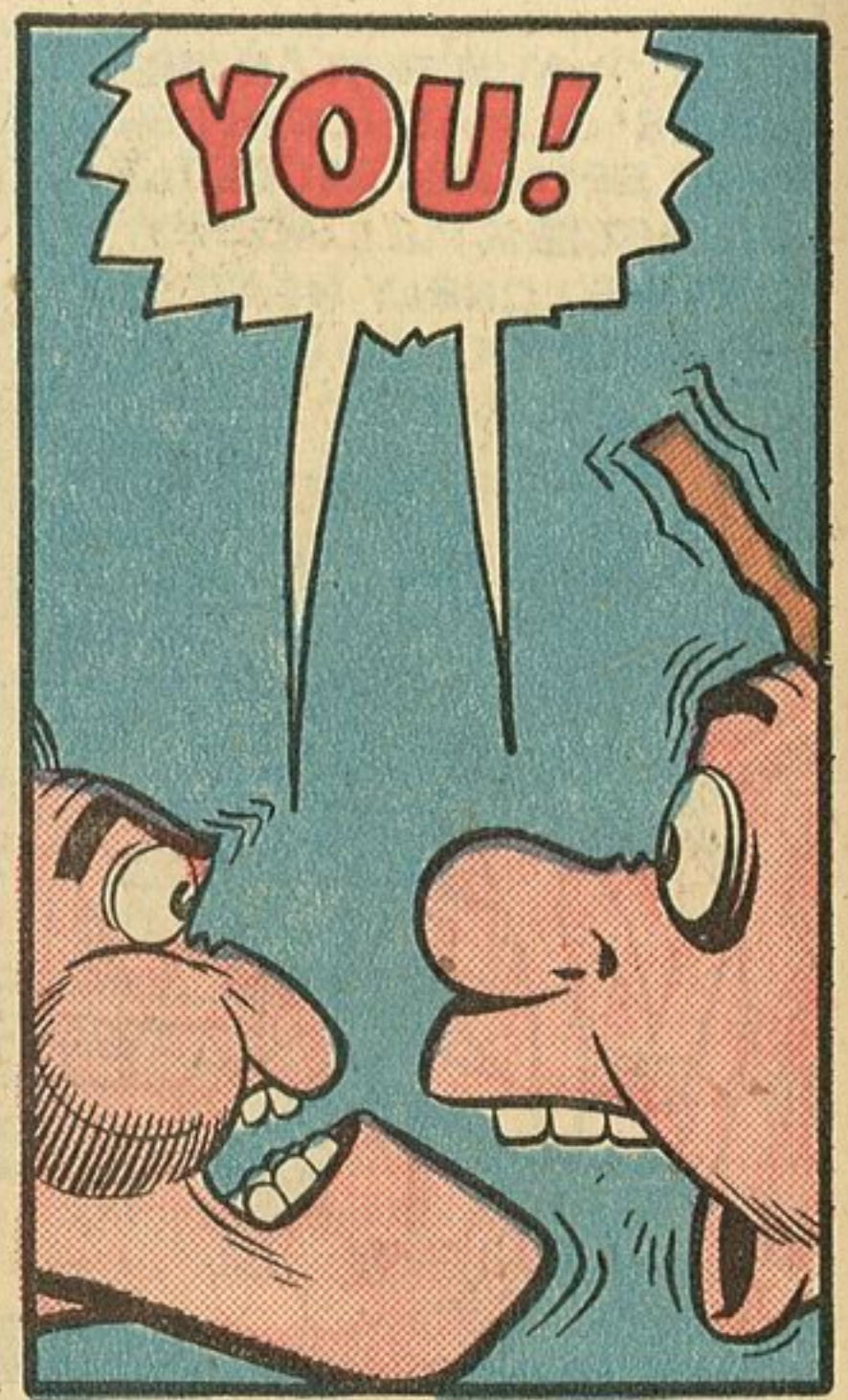
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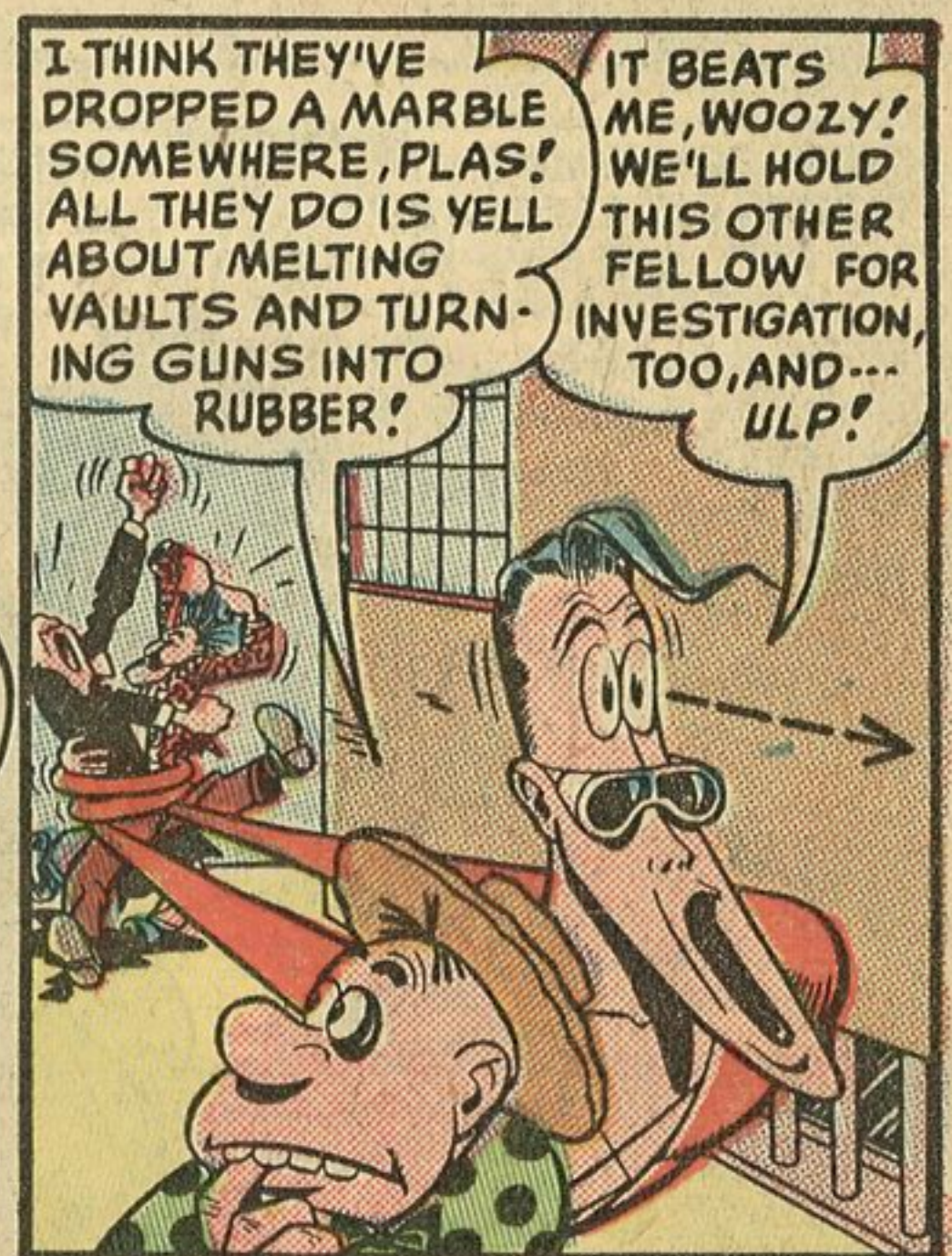
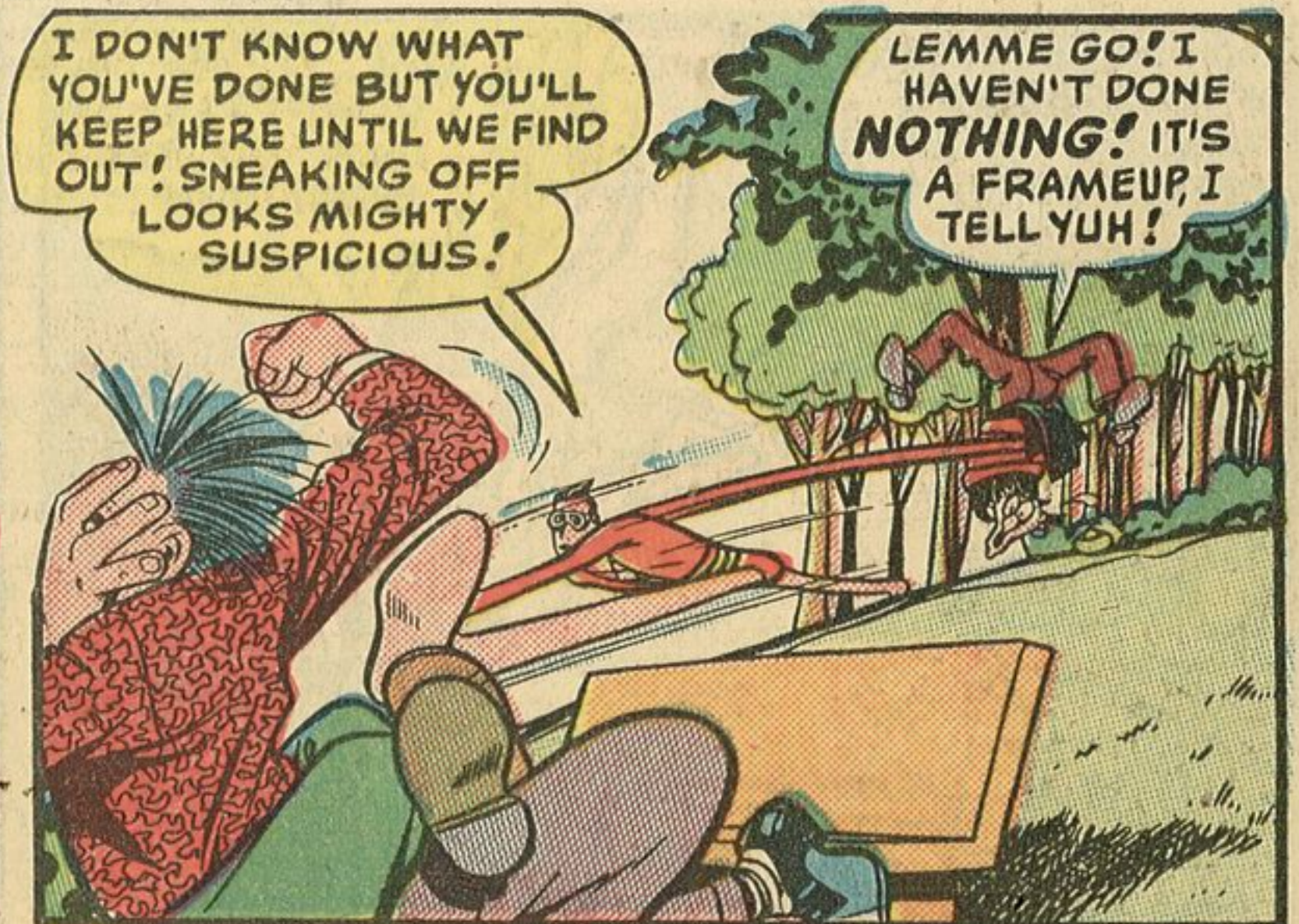
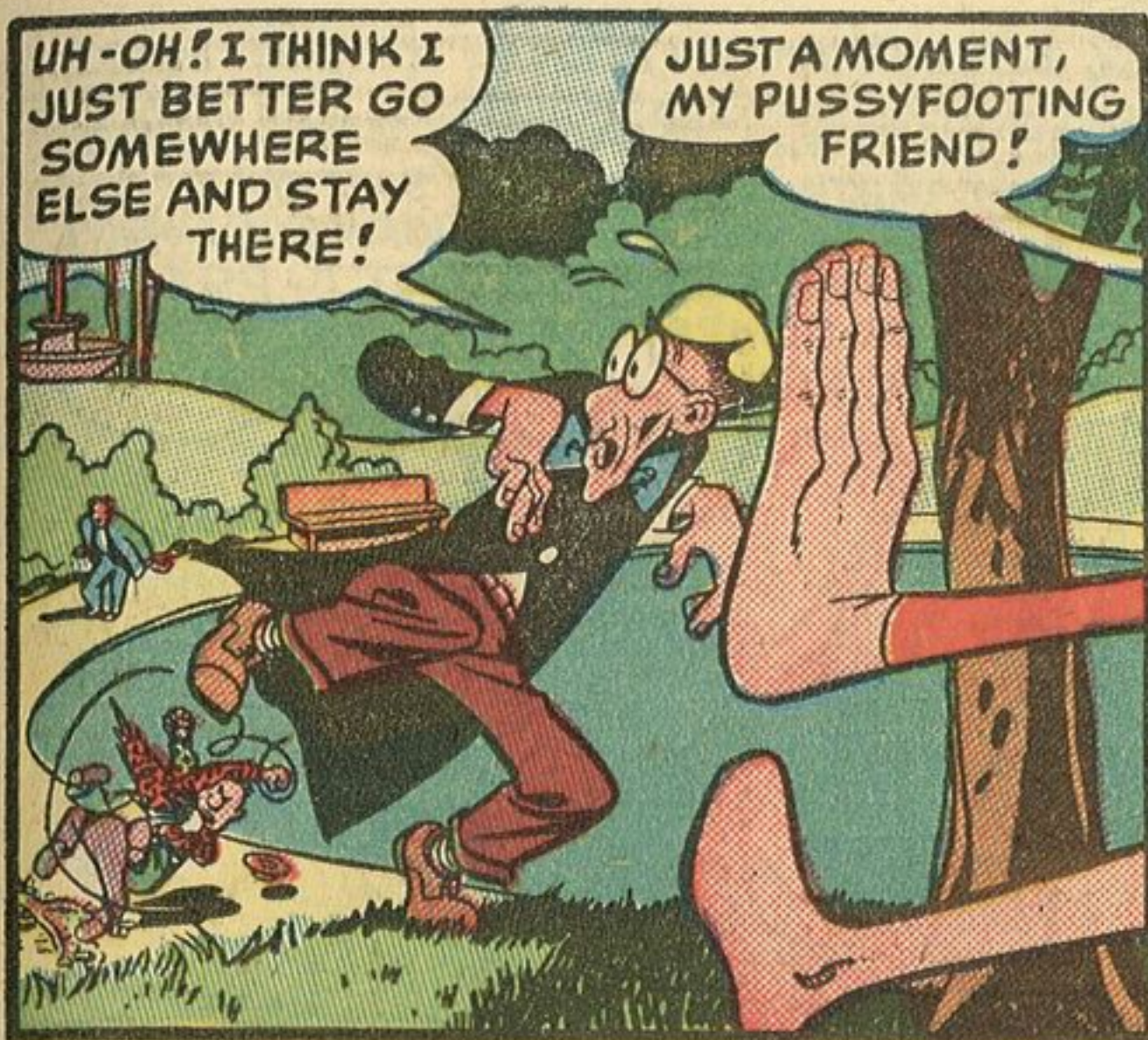
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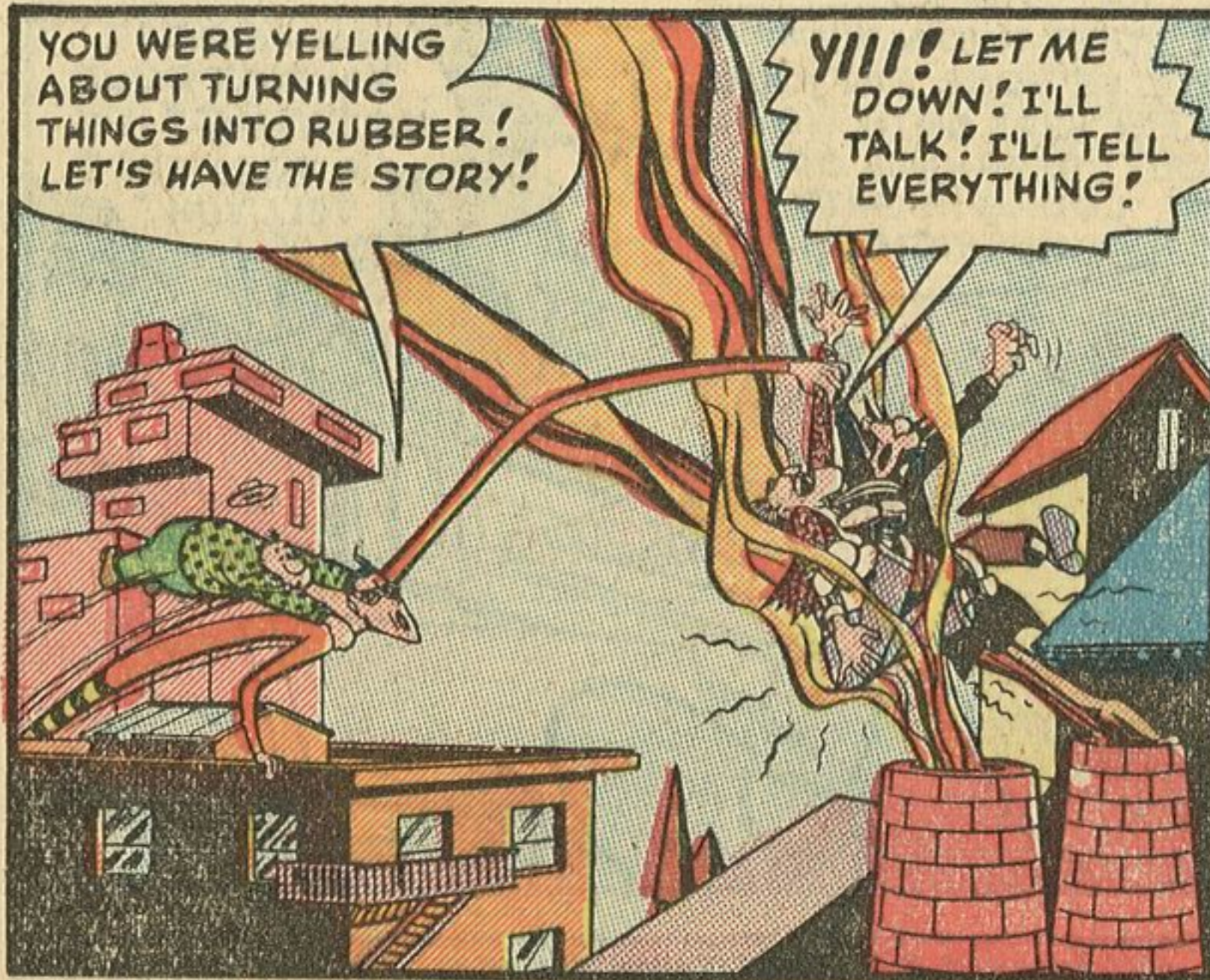
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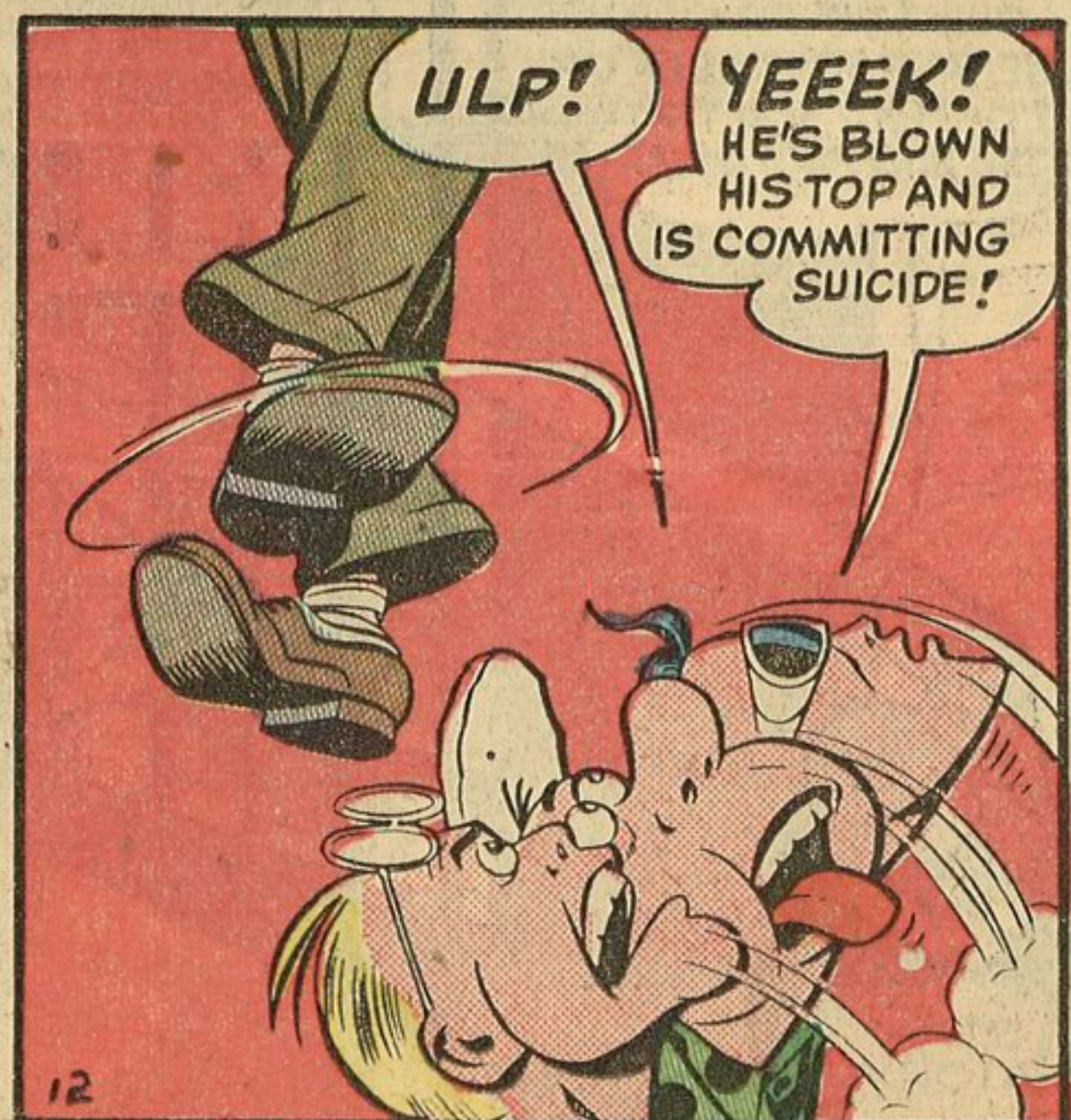
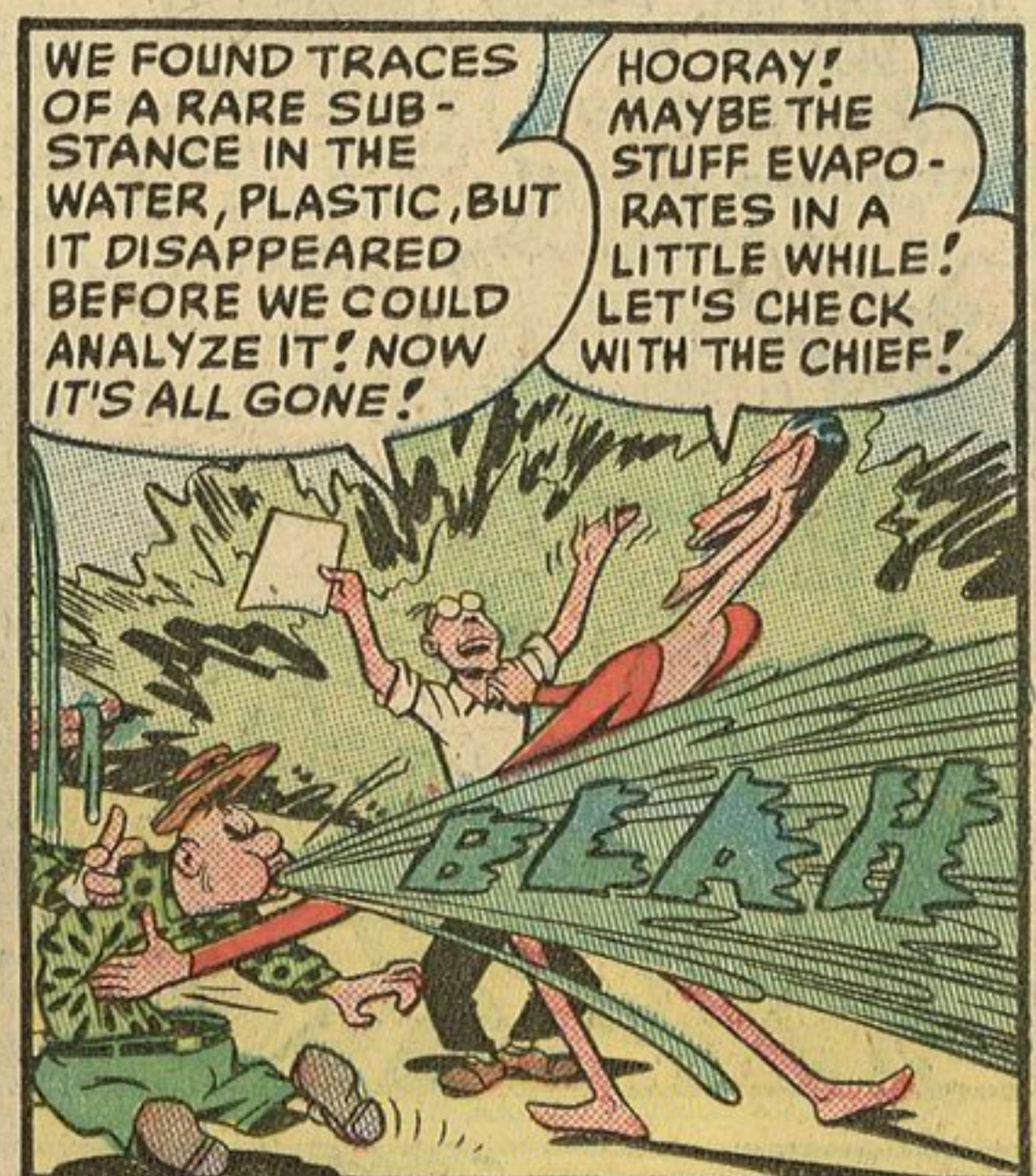
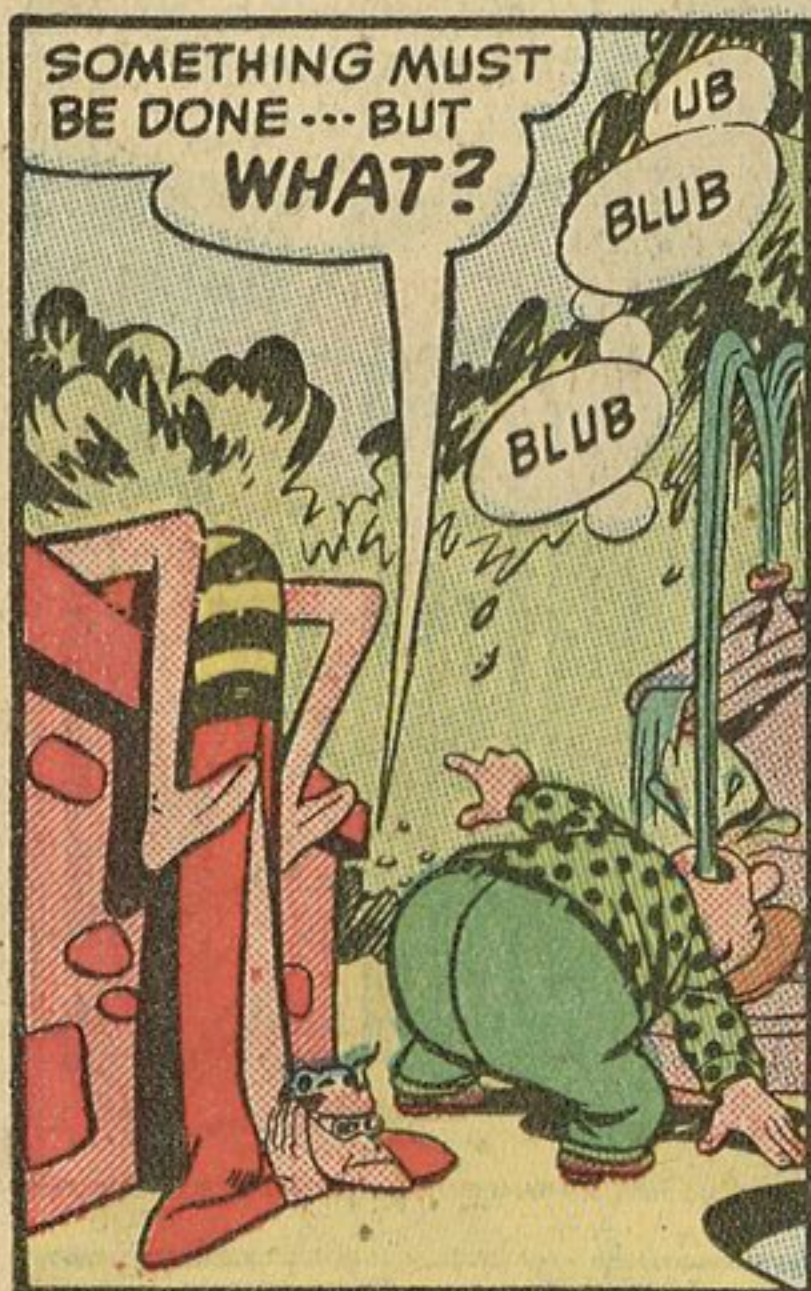
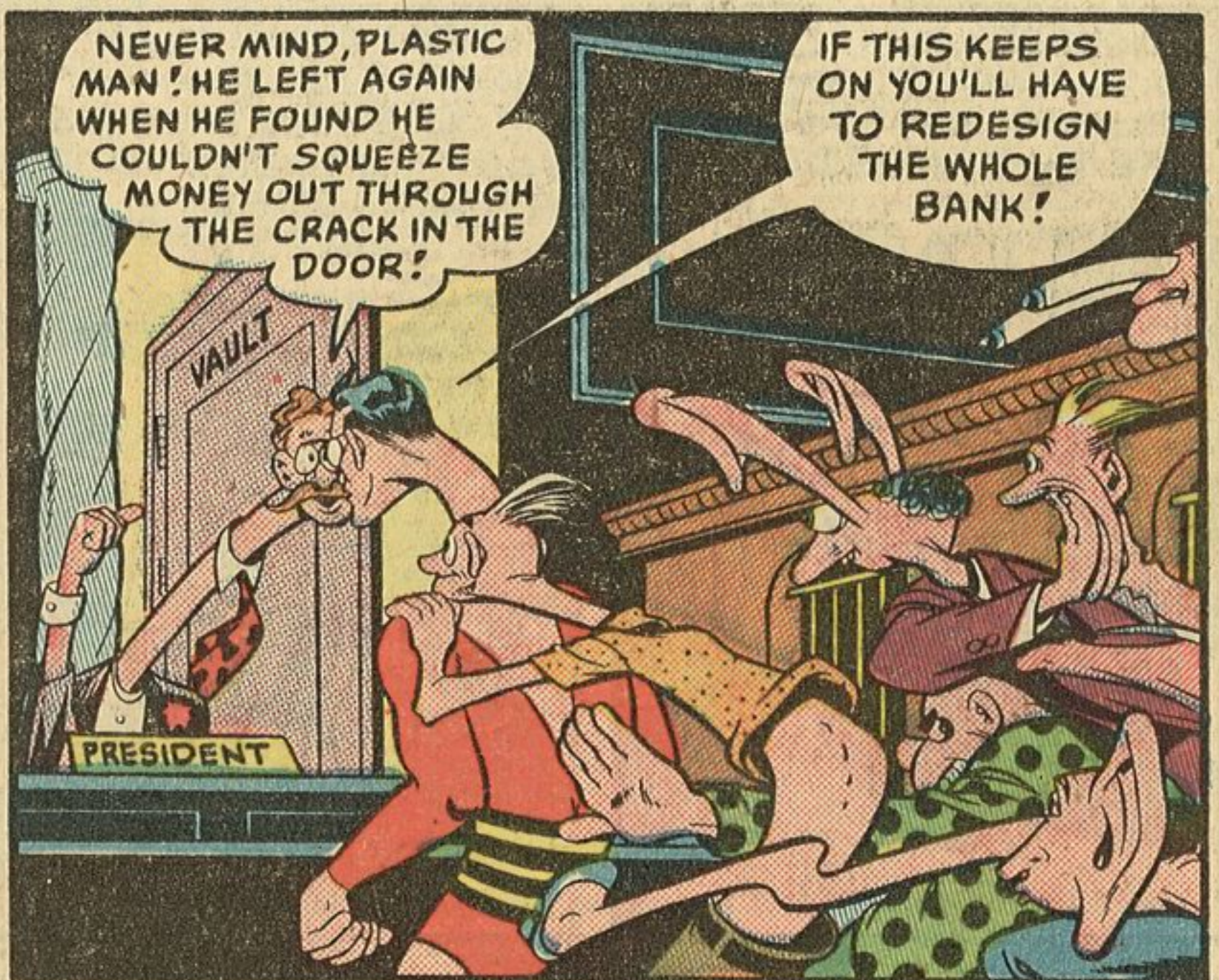
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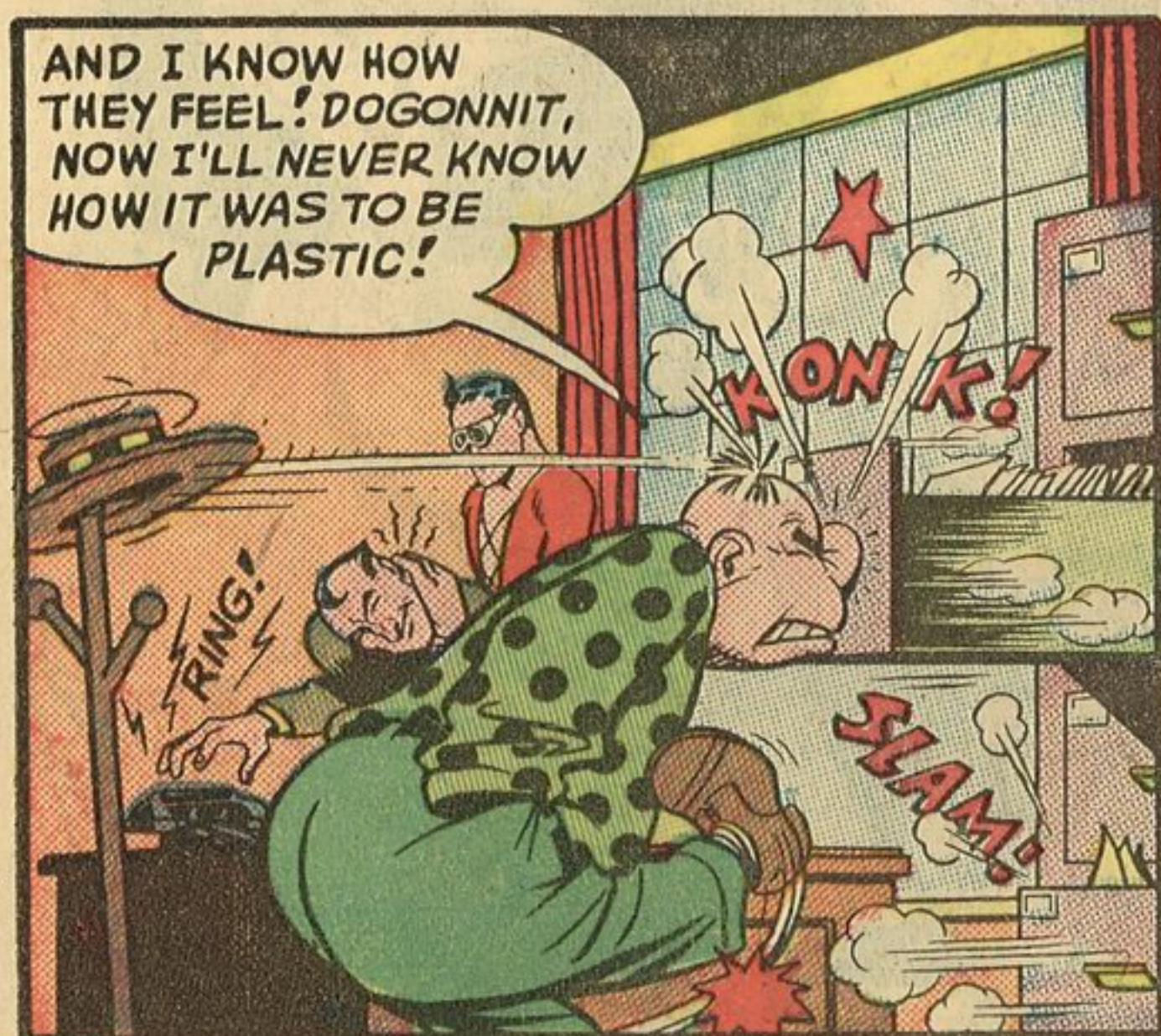
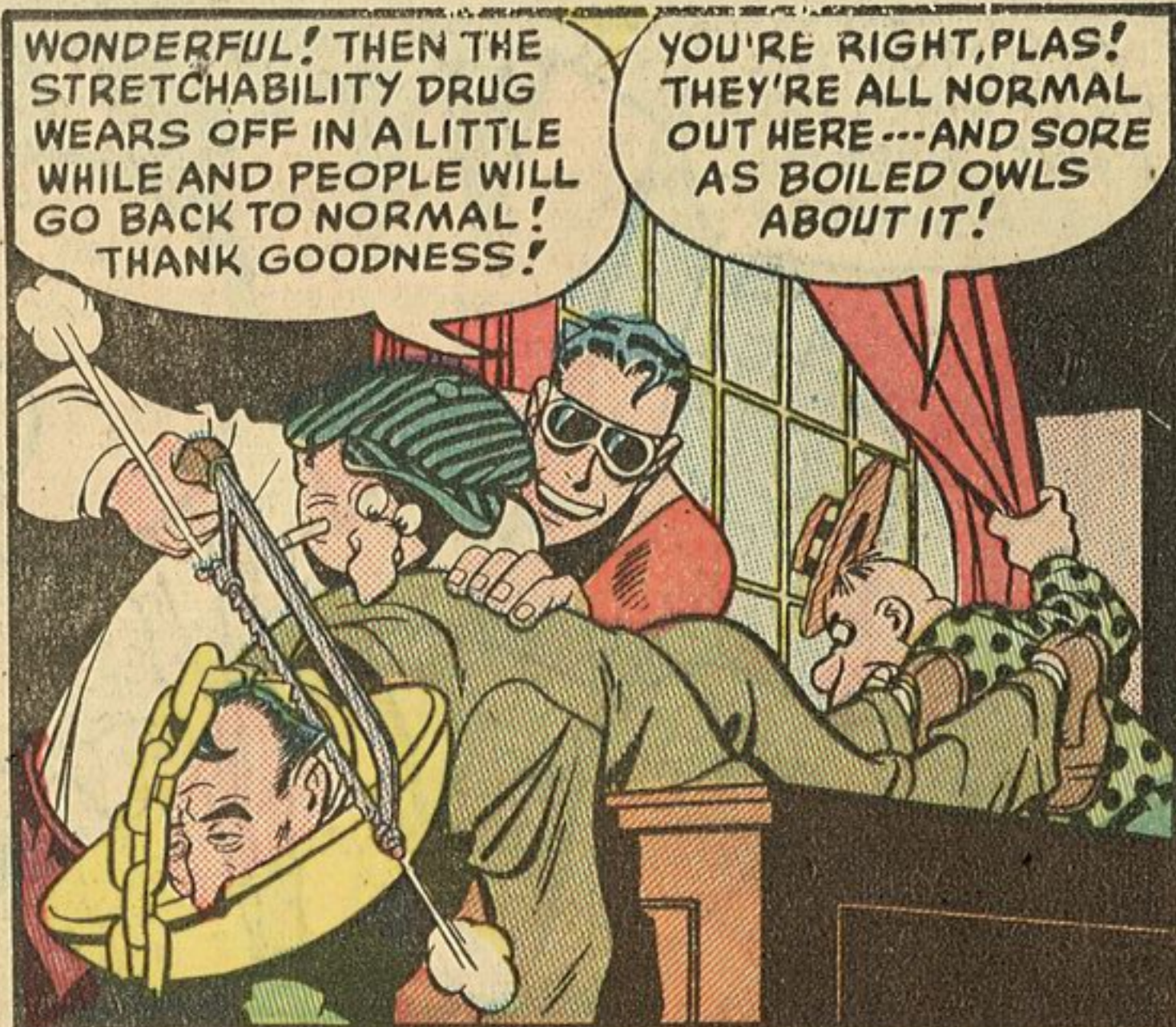
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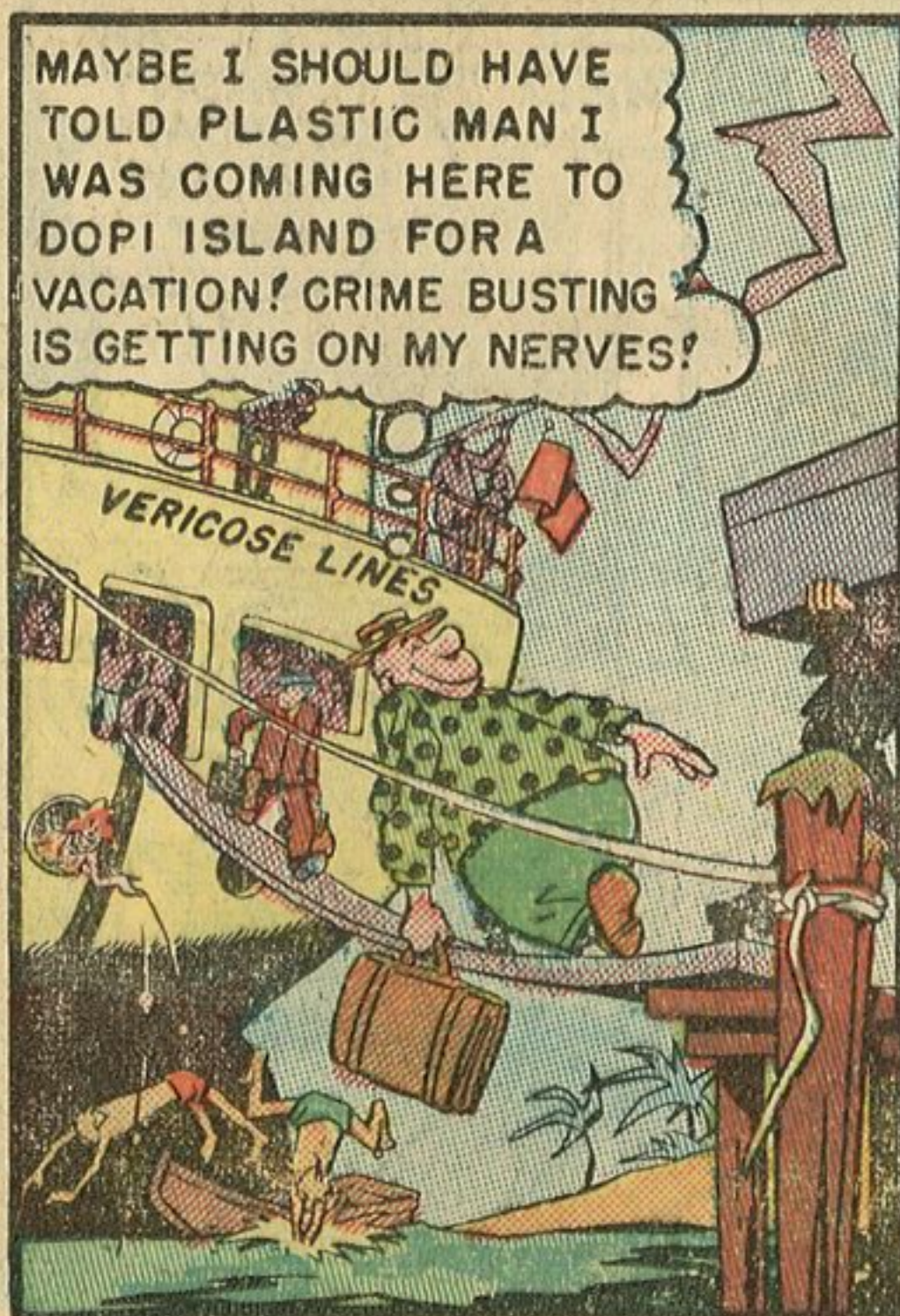
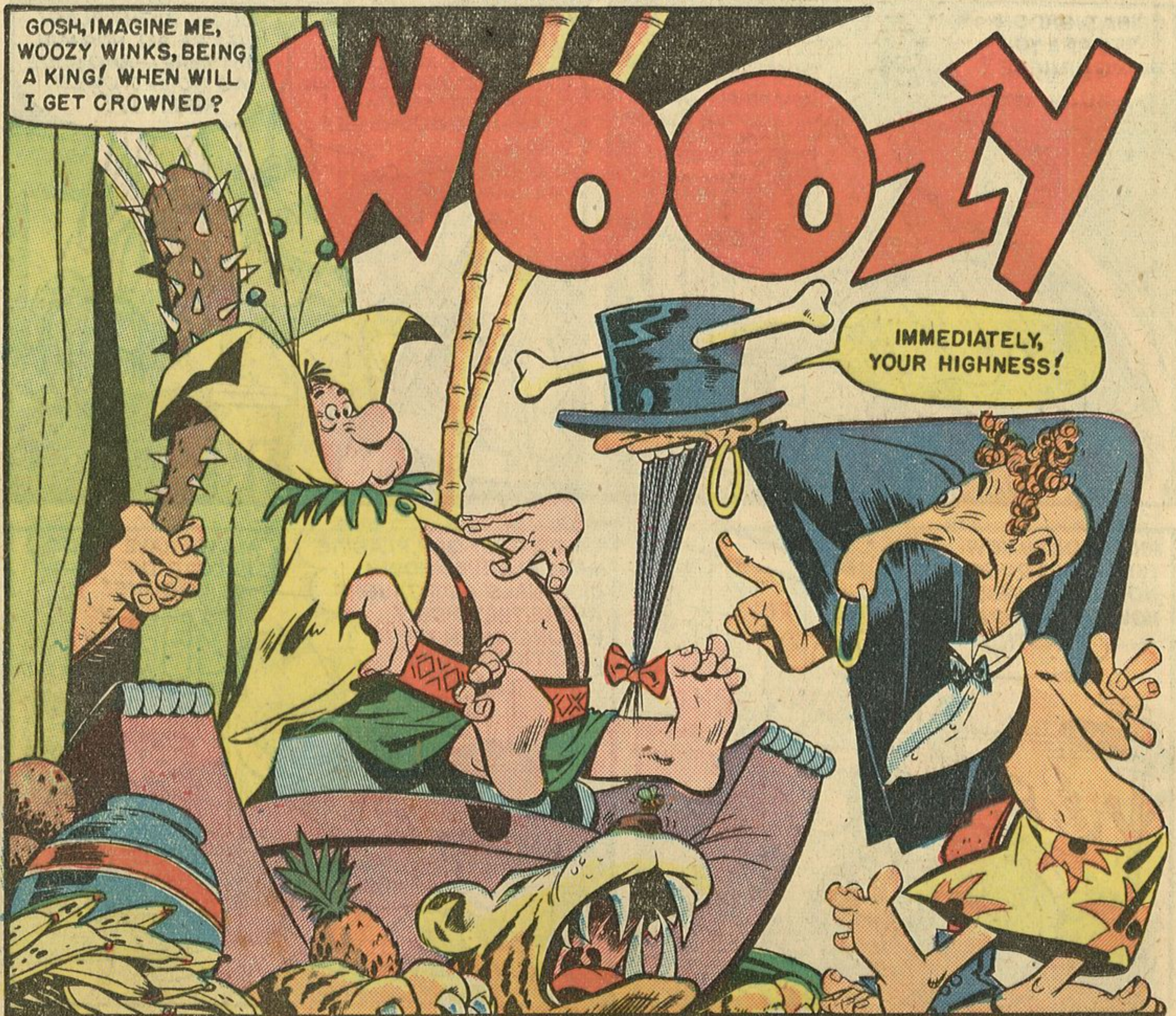


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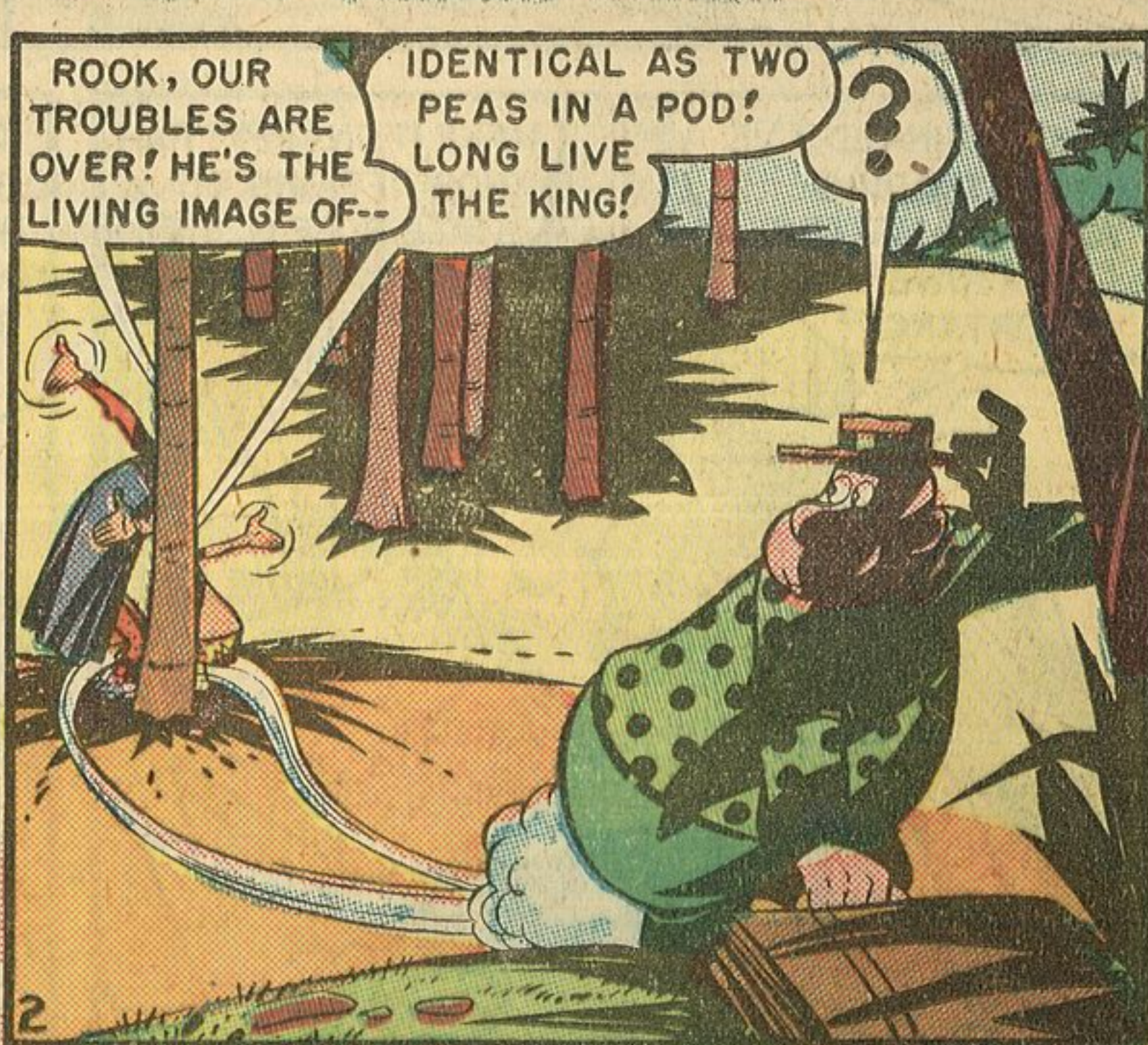
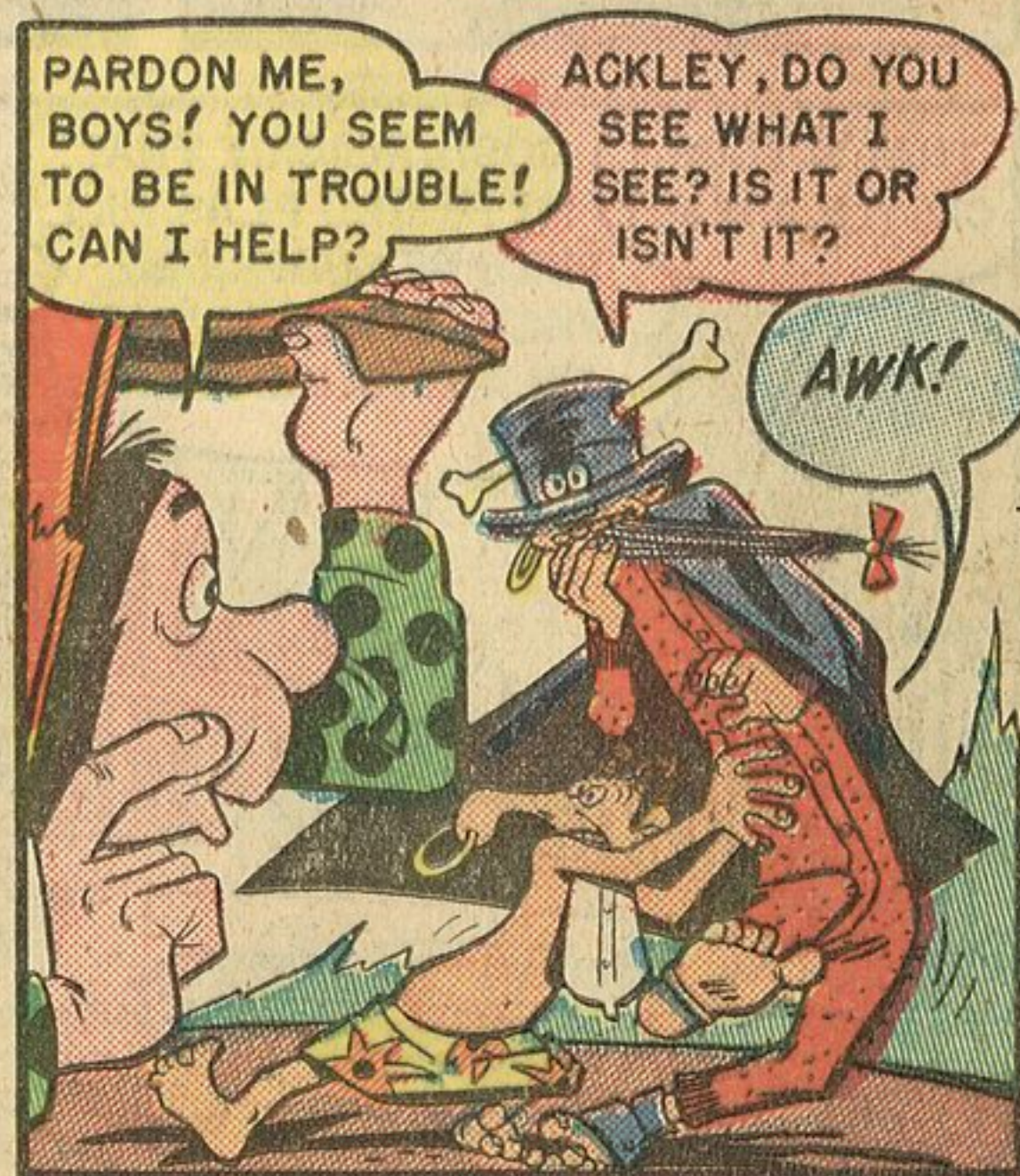
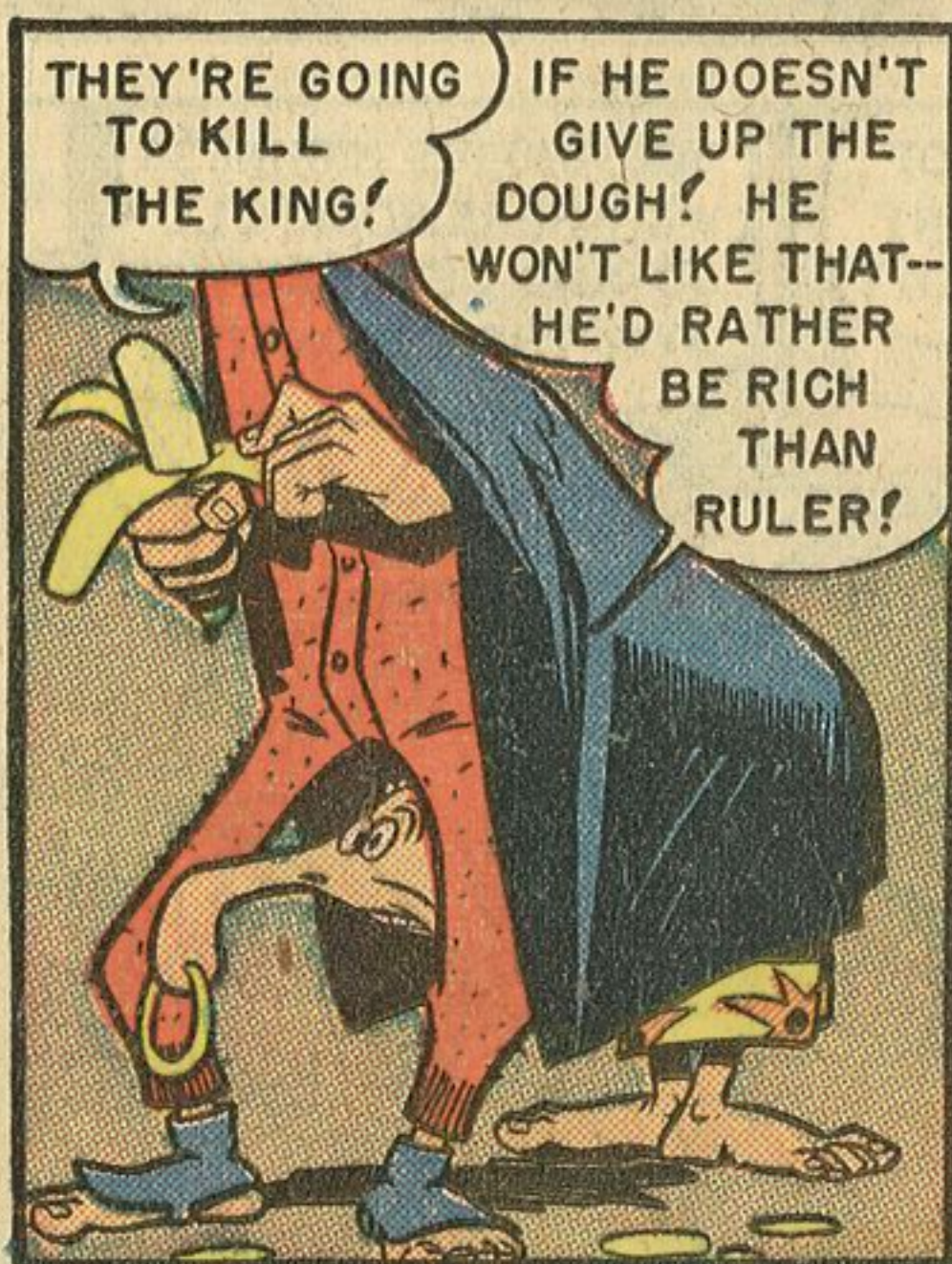
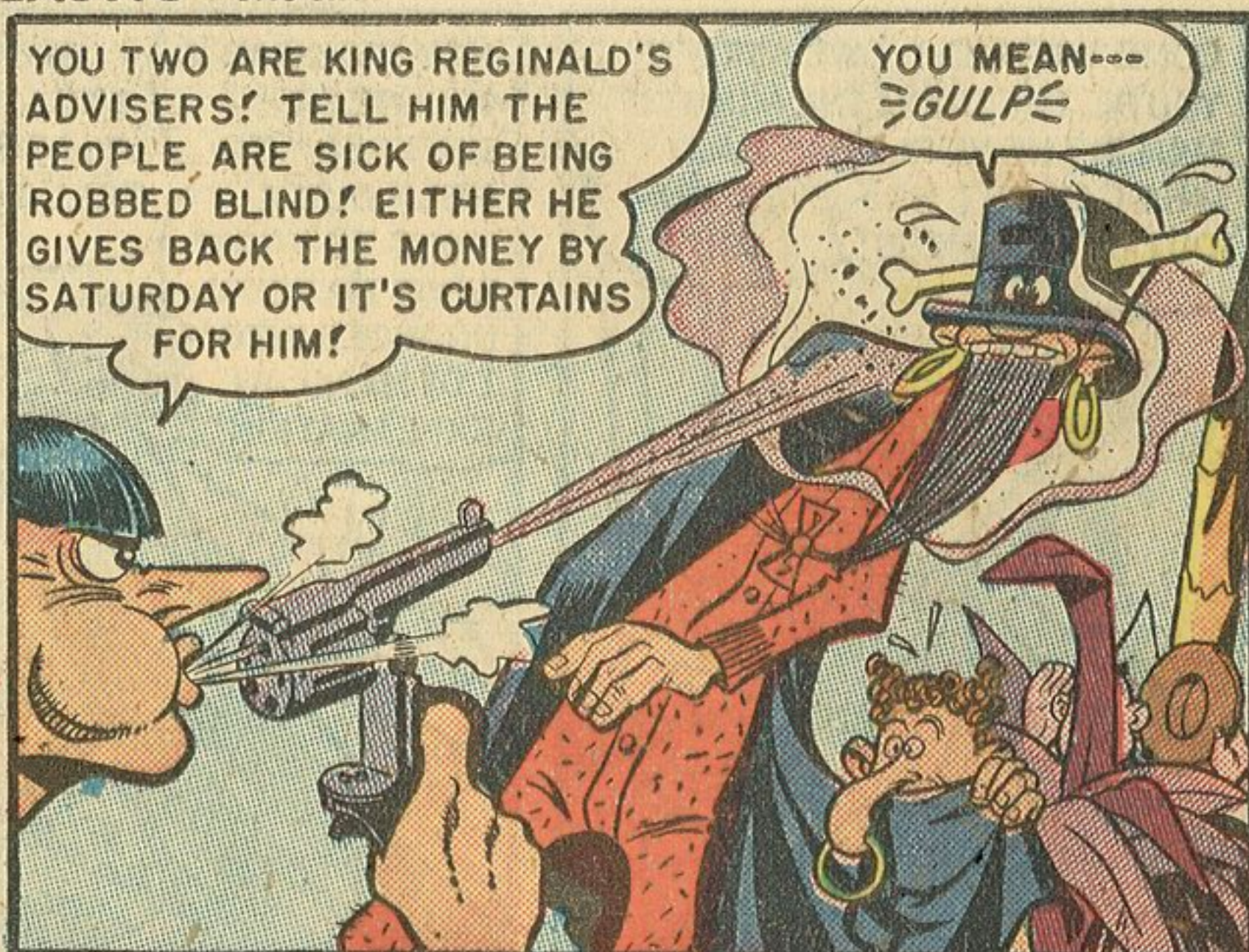


PLASTIC MAN





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COME WITH US! WE KNEW IT YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN IN THE WORLD WHO CAN GET US OUT OF THIS MESS!

WE KNEW IT THE MINUTE WE LAID EYES ON YOU!



HEY, NOW, WAIT A MINUTE! I OFFERED TO HELP BUT I WANT TO KNOW WHAT I'M BEING DRAGGED INTO! I DEMAND AN EXPLANATION!

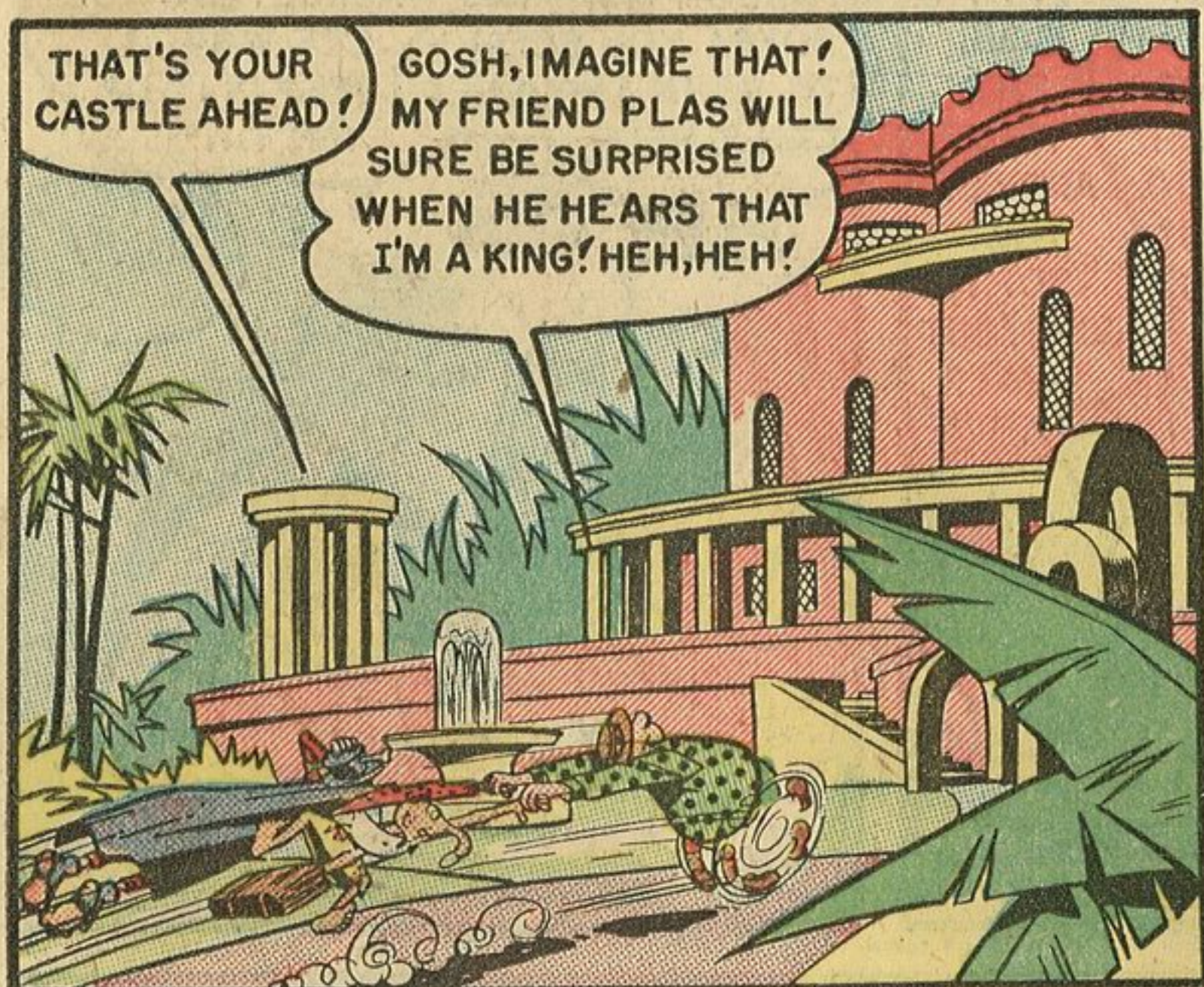
SURE! WE'LL BE GLAD TO TELL YOU!



YOU'RE GOING TO BE KING OF DOPI ISLAND!

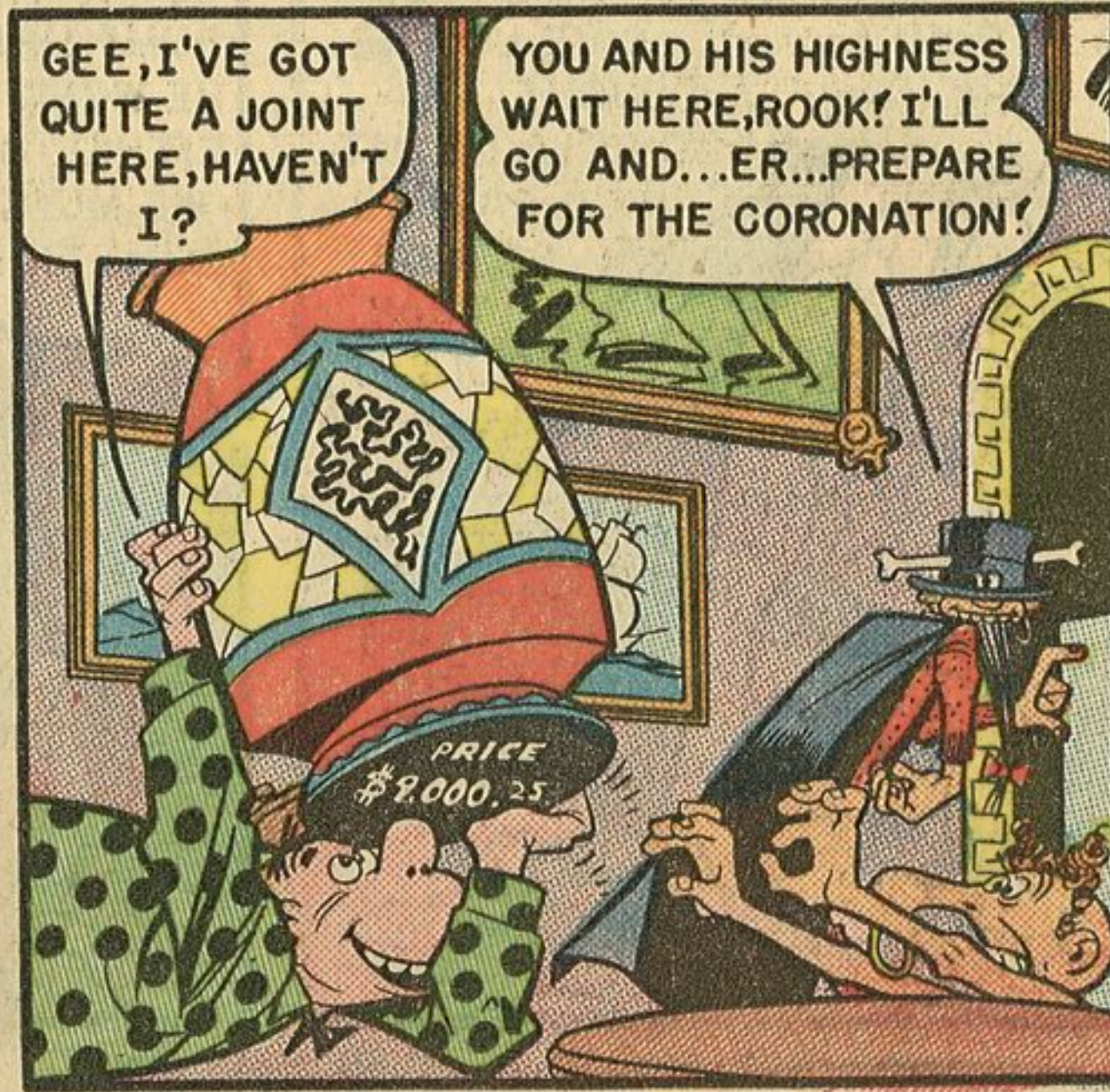
HUH? DID YOU SAY KING?

YES AND THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE! THE SOONER YOUR NOBLE SELF ASCENDS THE THRONE, THE MORE RELIEVED WE'LL BE!



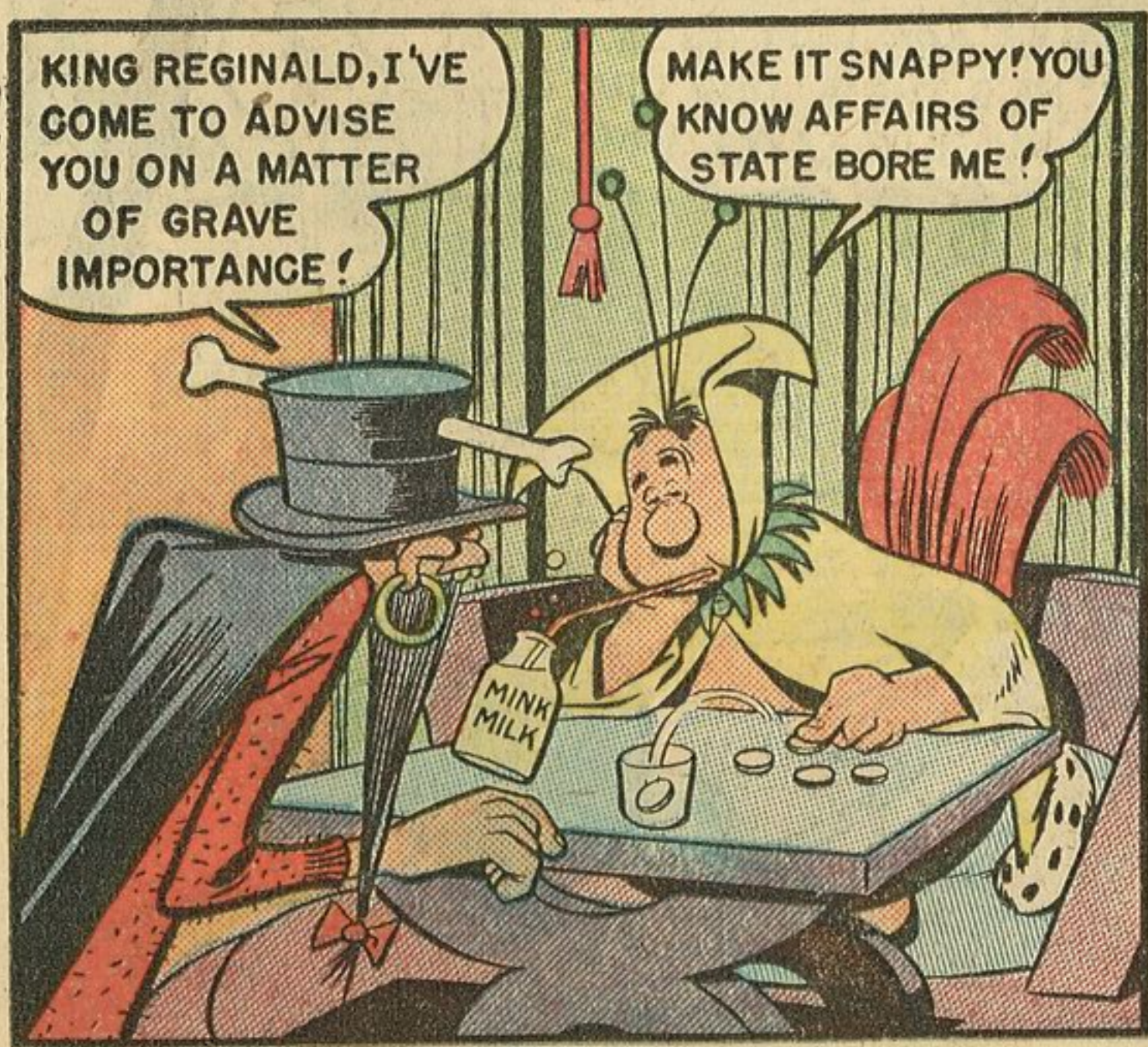
THAT'S YOUR CASTLE AHEAD!

GOSH, IMAGINE THAT! MY FRIEND PLAS WILL SURE BE SURPRISED WHEN HE HEARS THAT I'M A KING! HEH, HEH!



GEE, I'VE GOT QUITE A JOINT HERE, HAVEN'T I?

YOU AND HIS HIGHNESS WAIT HERE, ROOK! I'LL GO AND...ER...PREPARE FOR THE CORONATION!



KING REGINALD, I'VE COME TO ADVISE YOU ON A MATTER OF GRAVE IMPORTANCE!

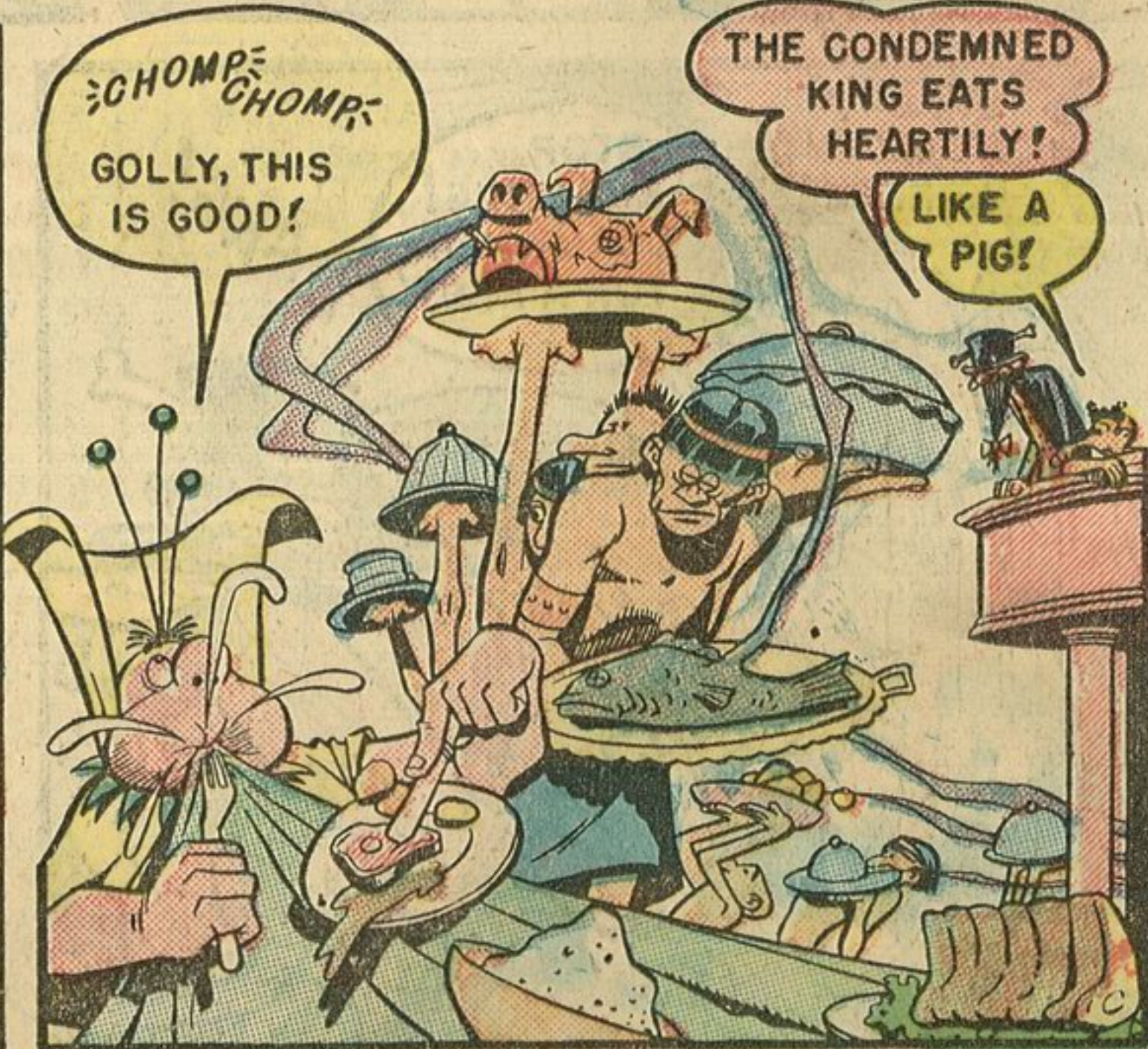
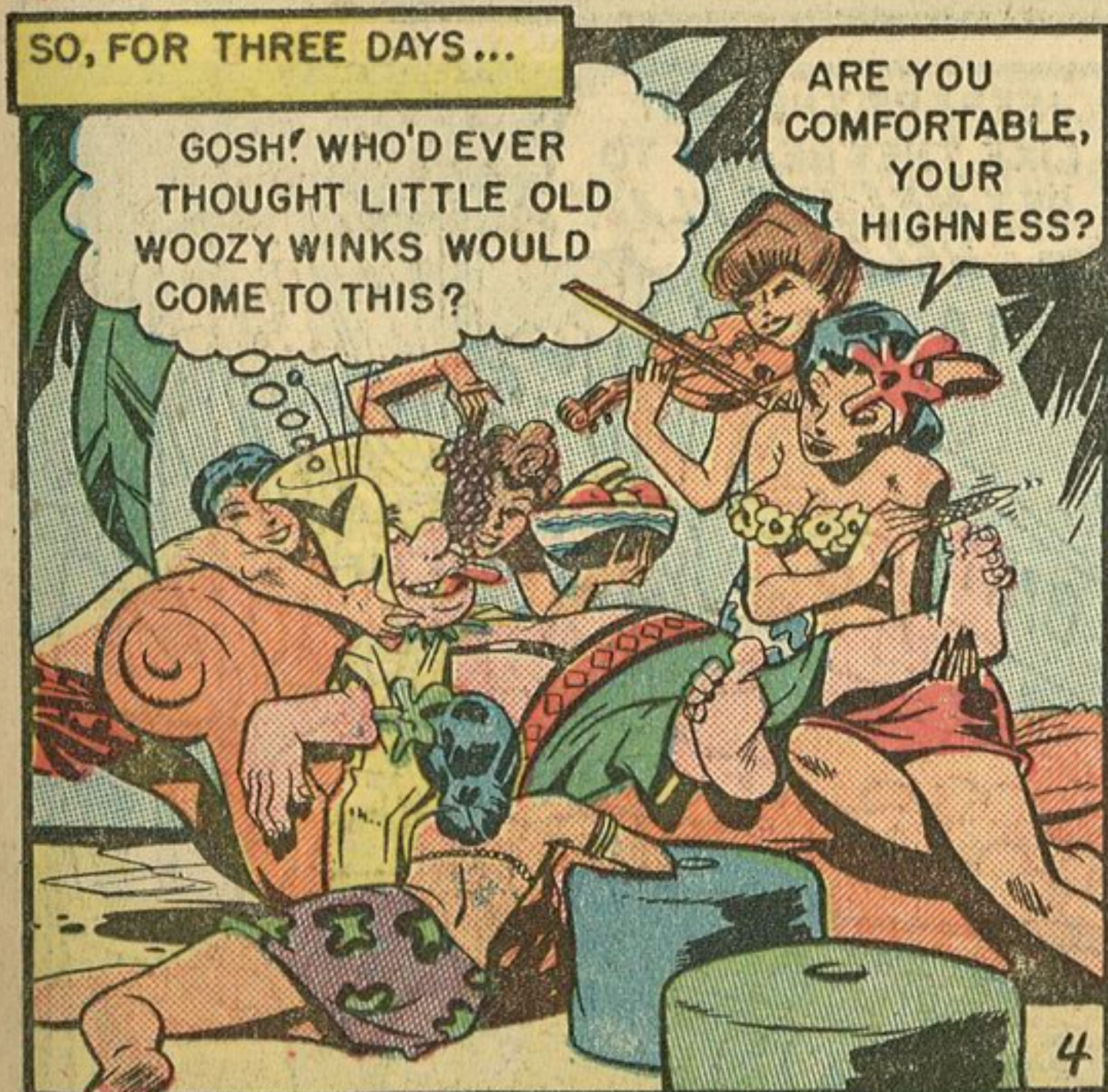
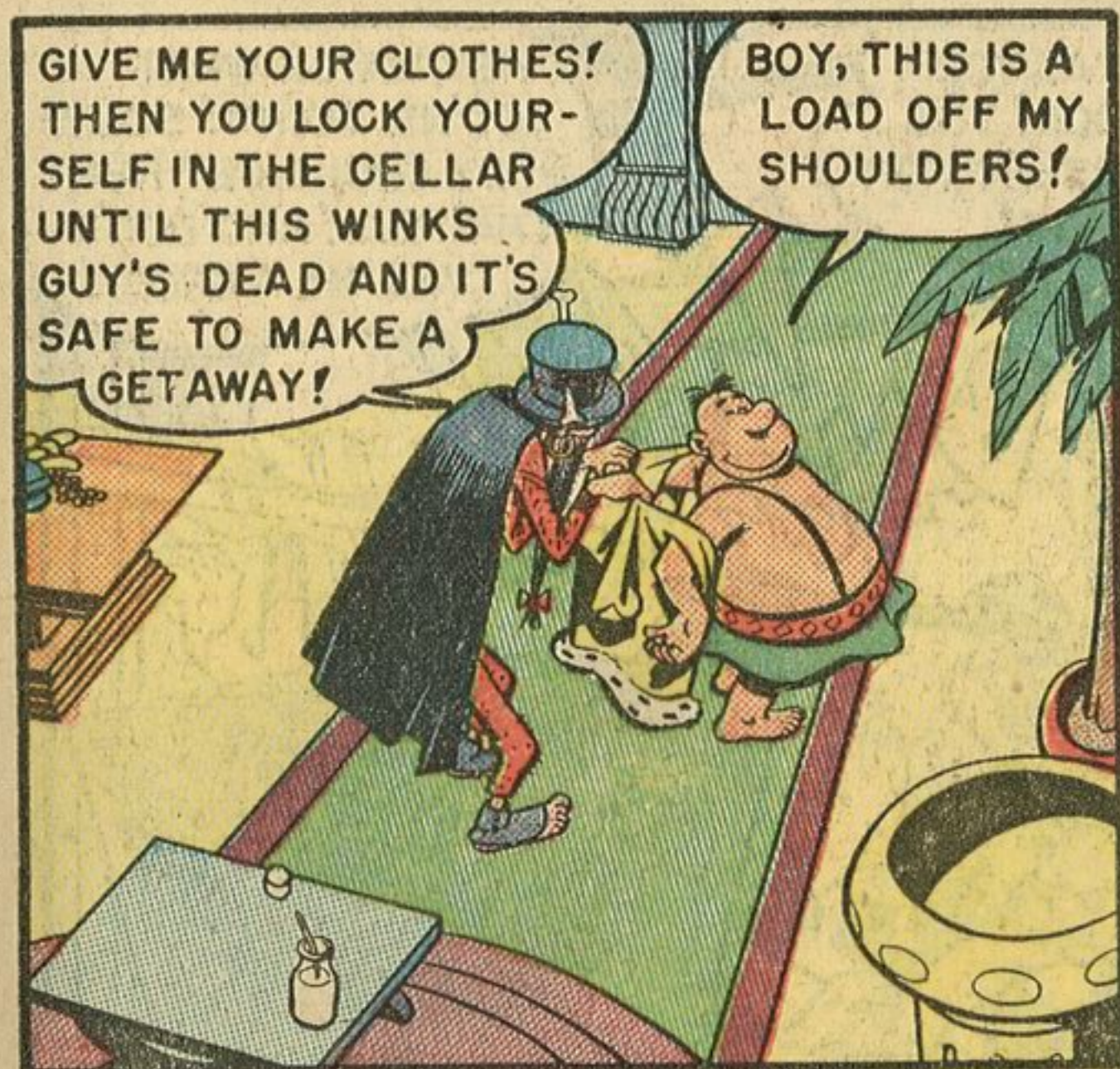
MAKE IT SNAPPY! YOU KNOW AFFAIRS OF STATE BORE ME!



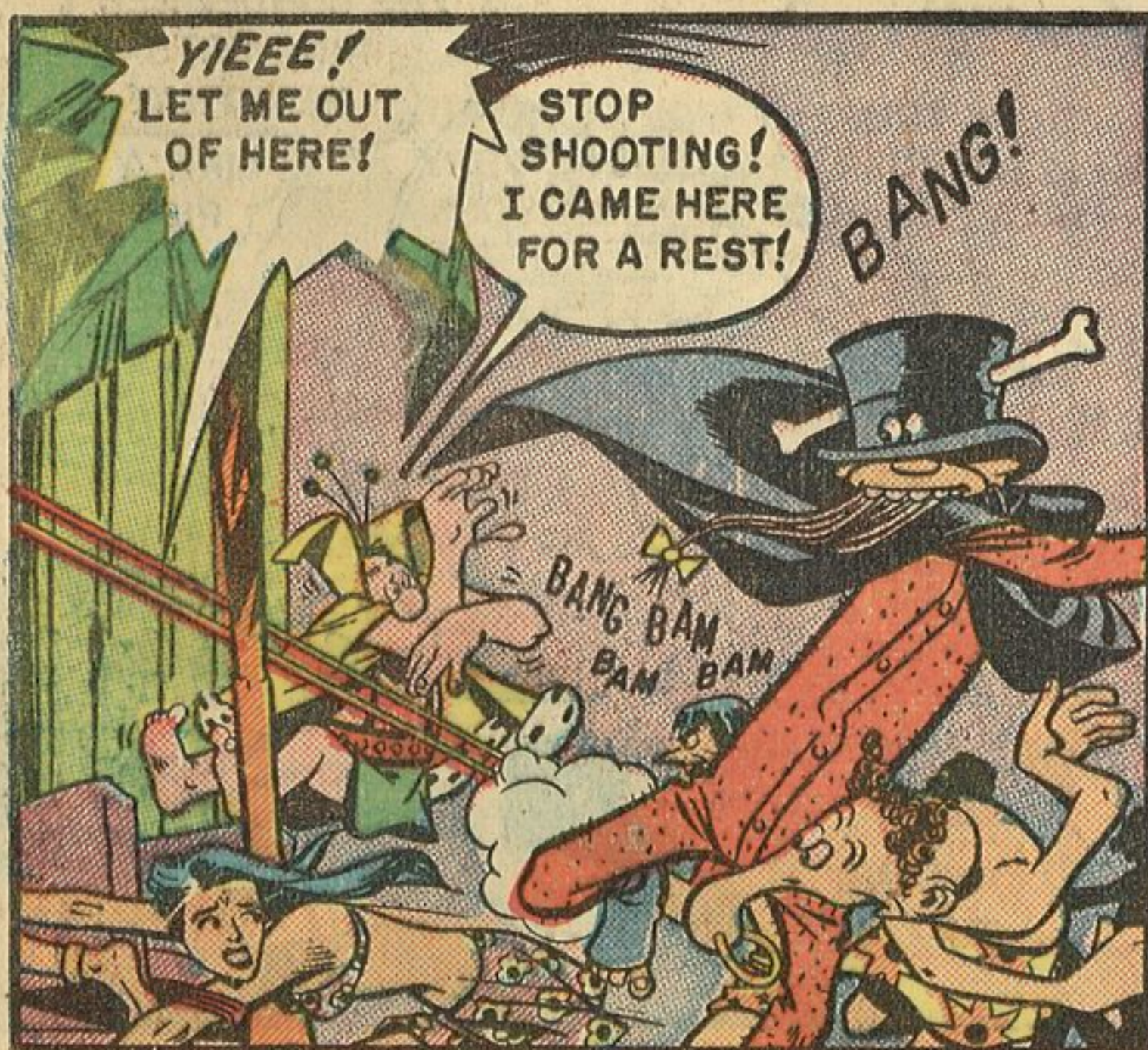
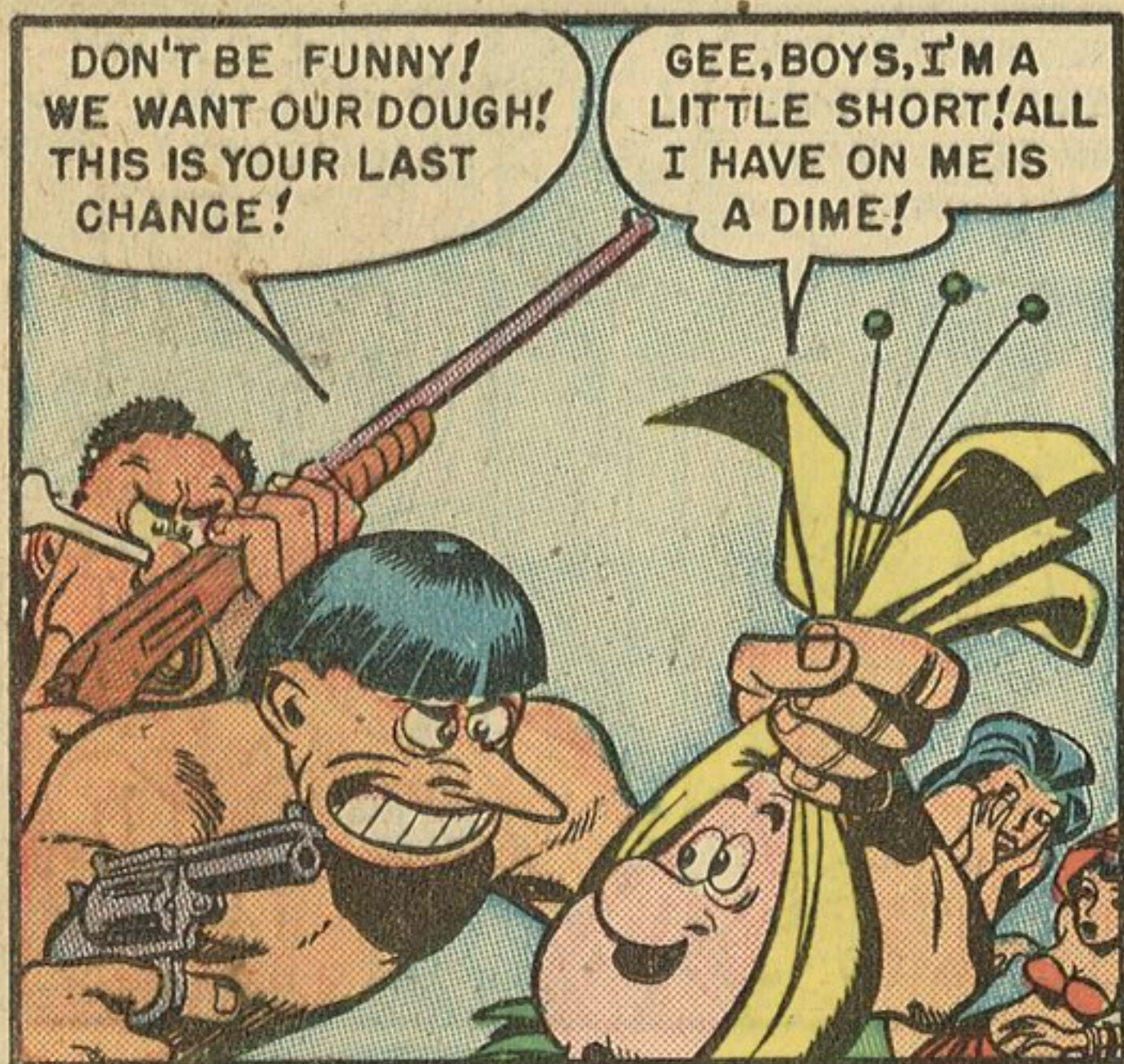
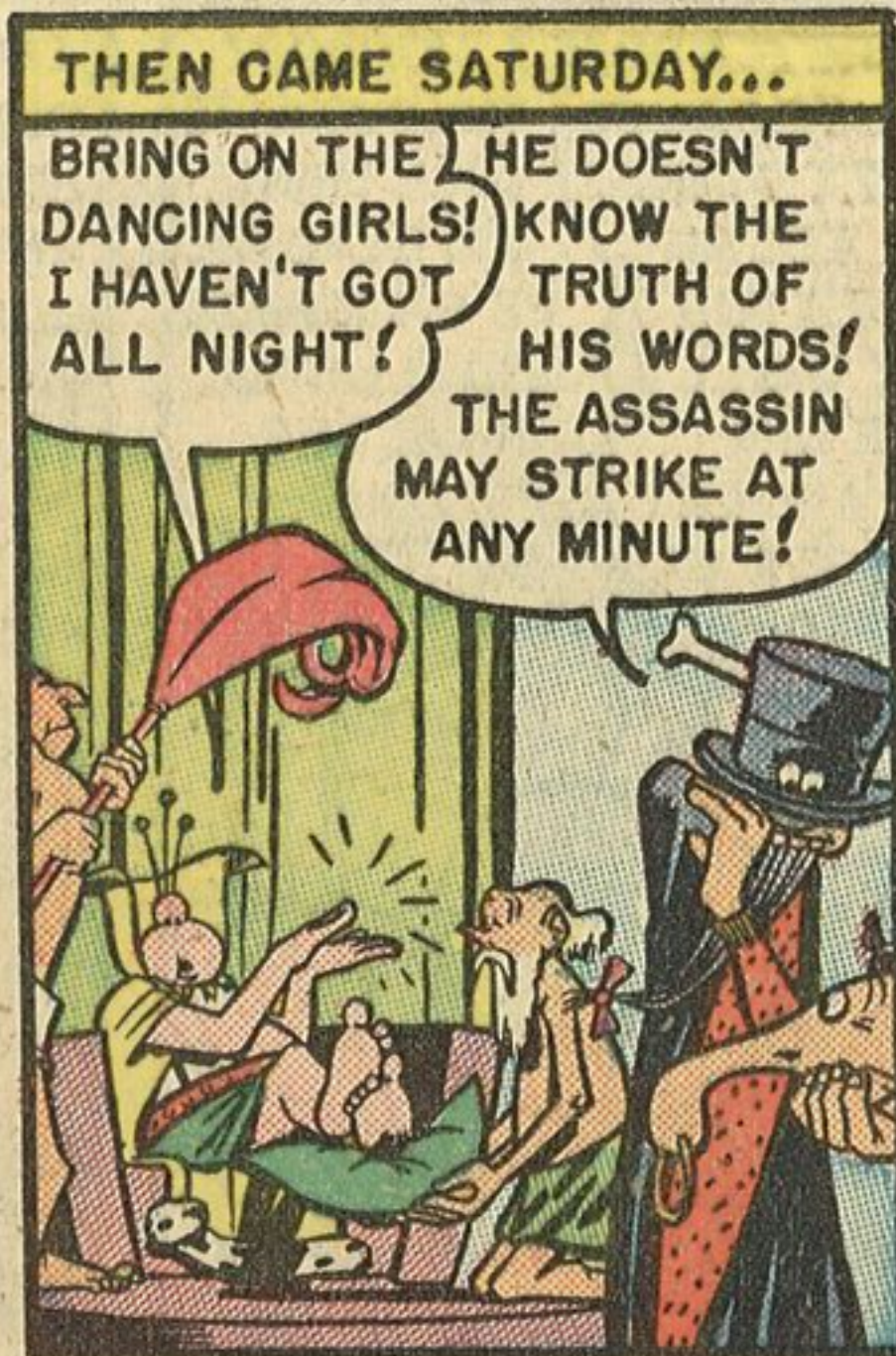
THE PEOPLE KNOW YOU'VE ROBBED THEM! THEY DEMAND REPAYMENT BY SATURDAY OR THEY'RE GOING TO RUB YOU OUT!

WHAT? YOU MEAN THEY'RE GOING TO ASSASSINATE ME? GRAWK!

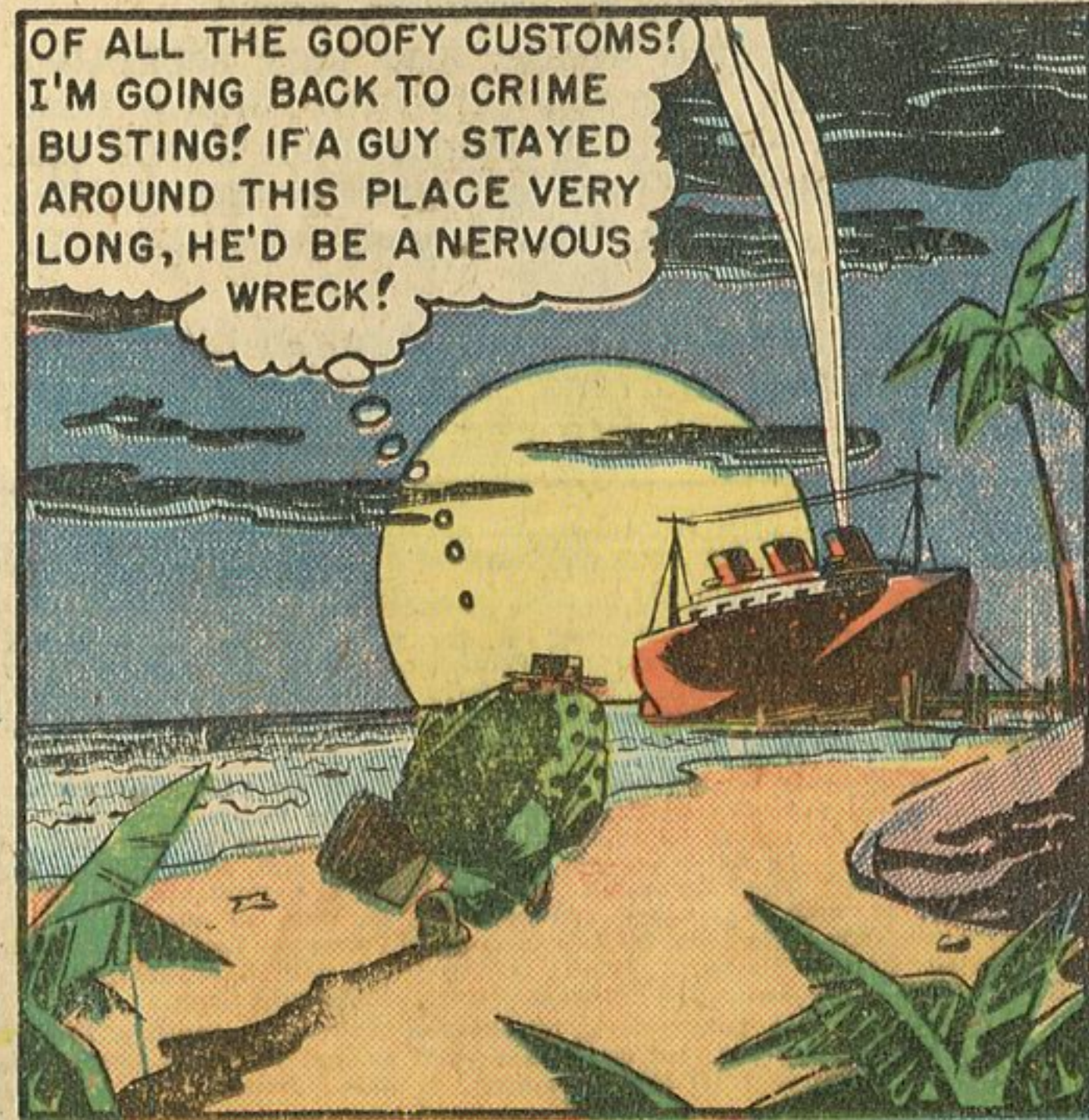
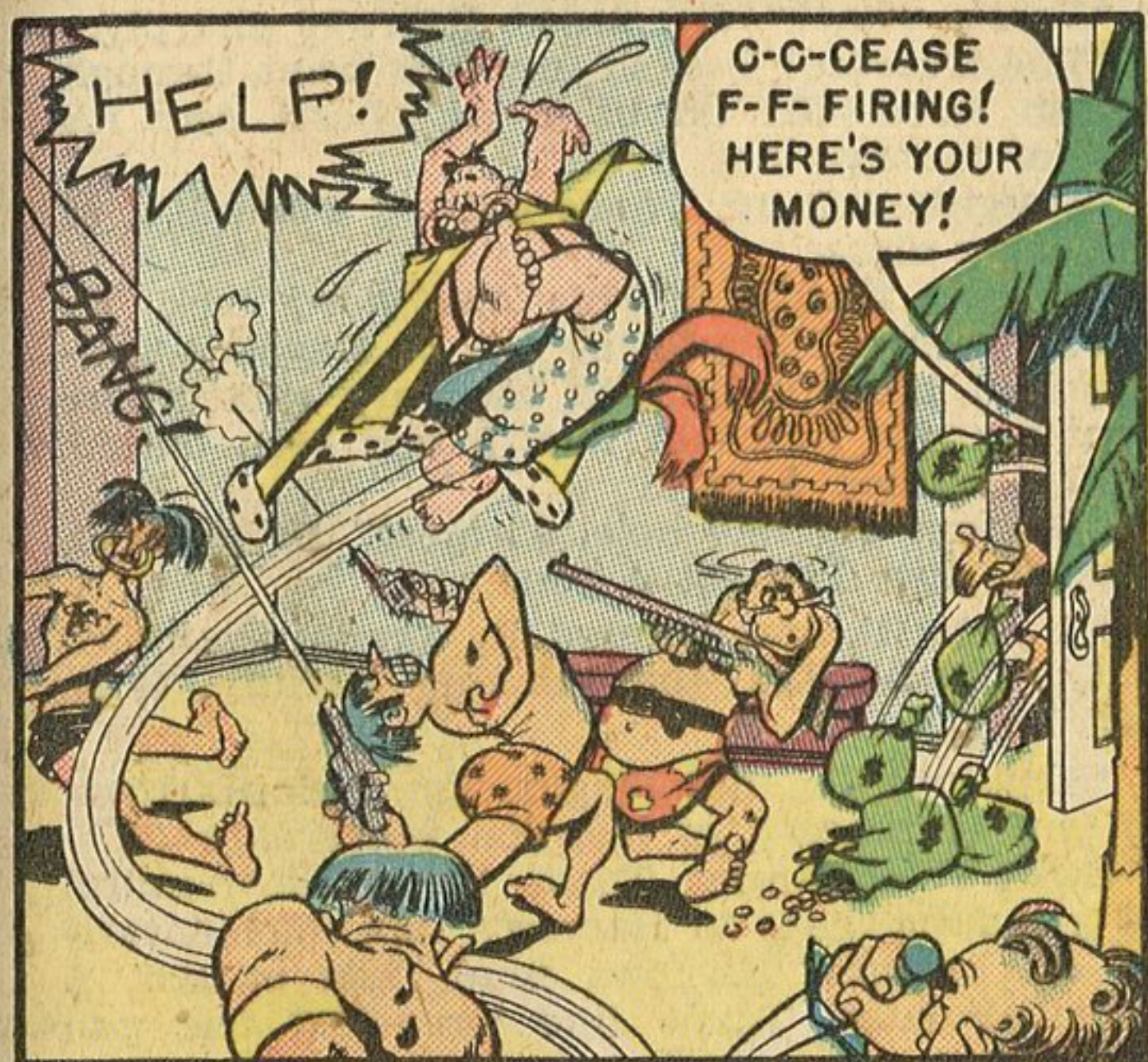
PLASTIC MAN



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PLASTIC MAN



THE OUTLAW'S TREASURE

It turned out just as the man who called himself Magus predicted. He had cast a spell, burned strange powders, and pointed to a spot on the town hall grounds—and two of the villagers, digging swiftly with spades, turned up a rusty tin box with \$100 in old gold coins! Magus must truly have the power of finding buried treasure, as he claimed. The diggers divided the money between them. One of them spoke to Magus.

"Why didn't you dig yourself?" he asked. "You asked only \$10 for doing your magic, and you might have had the treasure—all of it."

"Ah," said Magus impressively, "I'm not allowed to use my power for that. I ask only what it costs me for my precious powders. A service to humanity."

The assembled villagers looked at him respectfully. Magus—whose real name was Pick Harrows, as could be read on many a "Wanted" poster throughout the land—congratulated himself. He had hidden the tin box of money himself, and had found it to impress these simple folk. Up to now he was \$90 behind in his business. But he hoped to cash in—yes, one stupid-looking farmer was beckoning him to one side.

"I didn't believe you until I saw the thing work, Mr. Magus," said the farmer. "Rube Tossle is my name. Out on my farm is a hidden treasure. My old grandpa used to say that an outlaw band had buried a million in gold there. What will you charge to find it for me?"

"Five hundred dollars," said Pick Harrows at once. That, he decided, would keep him for a long time, while the heat went off and the F.B.I. stopped hunting for the vanished Pick Harrows, guilty of every crime on the docket.

"Five hundred?" repeated Rube Tossle. "I haven't that much on me. I'll have to borrow it. Suppose you come to my farm later on."

"Midnight's the best time," said Harrows. "Not a word of this to anybody, now."

"Trust me," said Tossle, and they separated.

At midnight, Harrows came to Tossle's farm and met his client in a remote field. Tossle had brought pick and shovel, and produced five hundred-dollar bills. "Here's your pay," he said. "Do your stuff."

Pick Harrows readily went through his hocus-pocus routine, burning his supposed magic powders in a small fire and muttering what he

claimed were powerful incantations. Finally he took several steps to one side, and pointed. "There!" he said. "The spirits say the outlaw treasure is buried at that spot."

"Ain't that wonderful!" said Tossle, and began to dig, swiftly and powerfully.

Harrows watched, hiding a smile. This country moron had swallowed his claim, hook, line and sinker. Harrows decided to watch for a while, enjoying his joke. Tossle dug deep, deeper. He was hidden almost to his shoulders in the hole he made. Pretty soon Harrows would stroll away with his money, and leave the l-ne-brained farmer to dig and dig until he got to China—

"Hey!" said Tossle suddenly.

"What's up?" asked Harrows, stifling a laugh.

"Here it is!"

"Here's what?" demanded Harrows sharply.

"The treasure! Yes, sir, my pick went through rotten wood—the lid of a big chest! And it's full of money—look here!"

Straightening up, Tossle showed a handful of gleaming disks.

Harrows thrilled at his own good luck. By sheer chance, his phoney act of treasure-finding had brought him to the very spot where that massive hoard of wealth had been buried. Half a million dollars!

"Get out of that hole, farmer!" he growled. "Quick, now. I've got a gun."

He drew it and pointed it. Tossle scrambled out, still holding the clinking fistful. "Why, Mr. Magus—"

"Shut up! I'm not Magus, I'm Pick Harrows. If you ever heard of me, you won't dare—"

Swift as lightning, Tossle threw the handful of gleaming disks in Harrow's face. Momentarily off balance, Harrows fired, and missed. A moment later, Tossle had wrenched the gun from him.

"We were both under assumed names," he said sternly. "You called yourself Magus, I called myself Tossle. But I'm Brace, of the F.B.I. I thought you looked like the photos of Pick Harrows, and I got you out here to make sure. That handful of stuff that looked like money was a quarter pound of iron washers. You tipped your hand when you thought you could get the treasure. Come on, Harrows, the chief wants to talk to you."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (39 U.S.C. 233)

Of PLASTIC MAN, published bi-monthly at Buffalo, N. Y. for October 1, 1949.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, Harry Stein, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership, or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.) Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Claire C. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Comic Magazines, Inc., 578 Summer Street, Stamford, Conn.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. The two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

EVERETT M. ARNOLD
Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1949.
LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public, Commission expires April 1, 1954.

PLASTIC MAN

PLASTIC MAN



BELIEVE IT...
GULP! CHOMP,
CHOMP!... OR
NOT, PLAS, THIS IS
THE SEVENTY-SECOND
BOX OF... GULP!...
ZINGY ZOWIES I'VE
EATEN AND I'M
STILL LOSING
WEIGHT!

I DON'T
BELIEVE
IT!

"DRASTIC! FANTASTIC!" THOUGHT
PLASTIC MAN AS HE SURVEYED
THE SITUATION! THE WARE-
HOUSES WERE BURSTING WITH
FOOD! COUNTERS SAGGED
UNDER THE WEIGHT OF
EDIBLES! STORE SHELVES
GROANED UNDER THEIR
BURDENS OF MORE FOOD!
DOCKS GROANED UNDER
TONS OF STILL MORE
FOOD! SHIPS SANK IN THE
HARBOR WITH OVER-
STUFFED HOLDS OF
CANNED GOODS, AND YET...
THE CITY WAS
STARVING ON A
FULL STOMACH!

PLASTIC MAN

YOU FIGURE IT OUT, PLAS! FIRST I GET NEWS THAT SYKO CASE AND HIS BOYS ARE IN TOWN, AND THEN THIS JUICY LITTLE ITEM ABOUT HI-JACKING THE CONTENTS OF AN ENTIRE FREIGHT YARD!

AND NATURALLY YOU FIGURE THERE'S A SINISTER CONNECTION BETWEEN THE TWO!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK! SYKO IS PSYCHO, BUT WHEN IT COMES TO PLYING HIS TRADE HE'S AS CRAZY AS A FOX! THIS PARTICULAR HI-JACKING JOB DOESN'T JIBE WITH HIS TALENTS!

SYKO IS A VERSA-TILE CROOK! WHAT DID THE HAUL CONSIST OF?

BREAKFAST FOOD! TONS AND TONS OF BREAKFAST FOOD! MOUNTAINS OF BREAKFAST FOOD!

B-BREAKFAST FOOD? SOMEBODY HAS BITTEN OFF MORE THAN HE CAN EVER CHEW!

GET DOWN TO THE FREIGHT YARD AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN PICK UP, PLAS! MAYBE THIS IS ALL A DREAM!

I'M ON MY WAY!

MEANWHILE, IN A DESERTED WATER-FRONT WAREHOUSE---

FUDDLEHEADS! SHATTERPATES! MORONS! CRETINS! EGGHEADS!

STAND STILL, YOU MISERABLE WRETCHES! YOUR TEARS WILL AVAIL YOU NOUGHT! NOTHING SHALL THWART MY EFFORTS TO BEAT YOU ALL INTO A GOOEY MASS OF YEGG FOO YONG!

MERCY!

FORBEAR!

RELENT!

LAY OFF!

POW!

WHAM!

SPLAT!

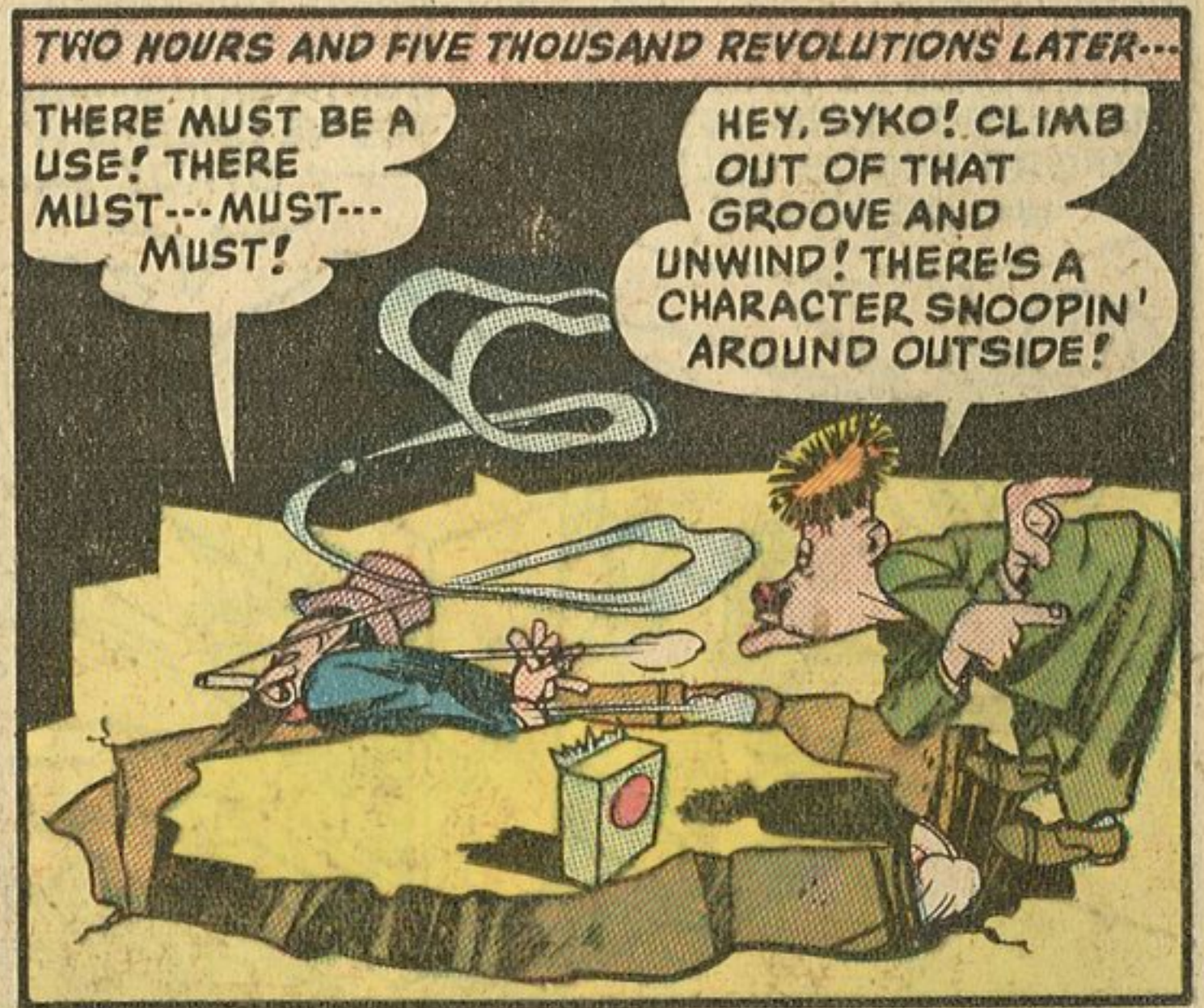
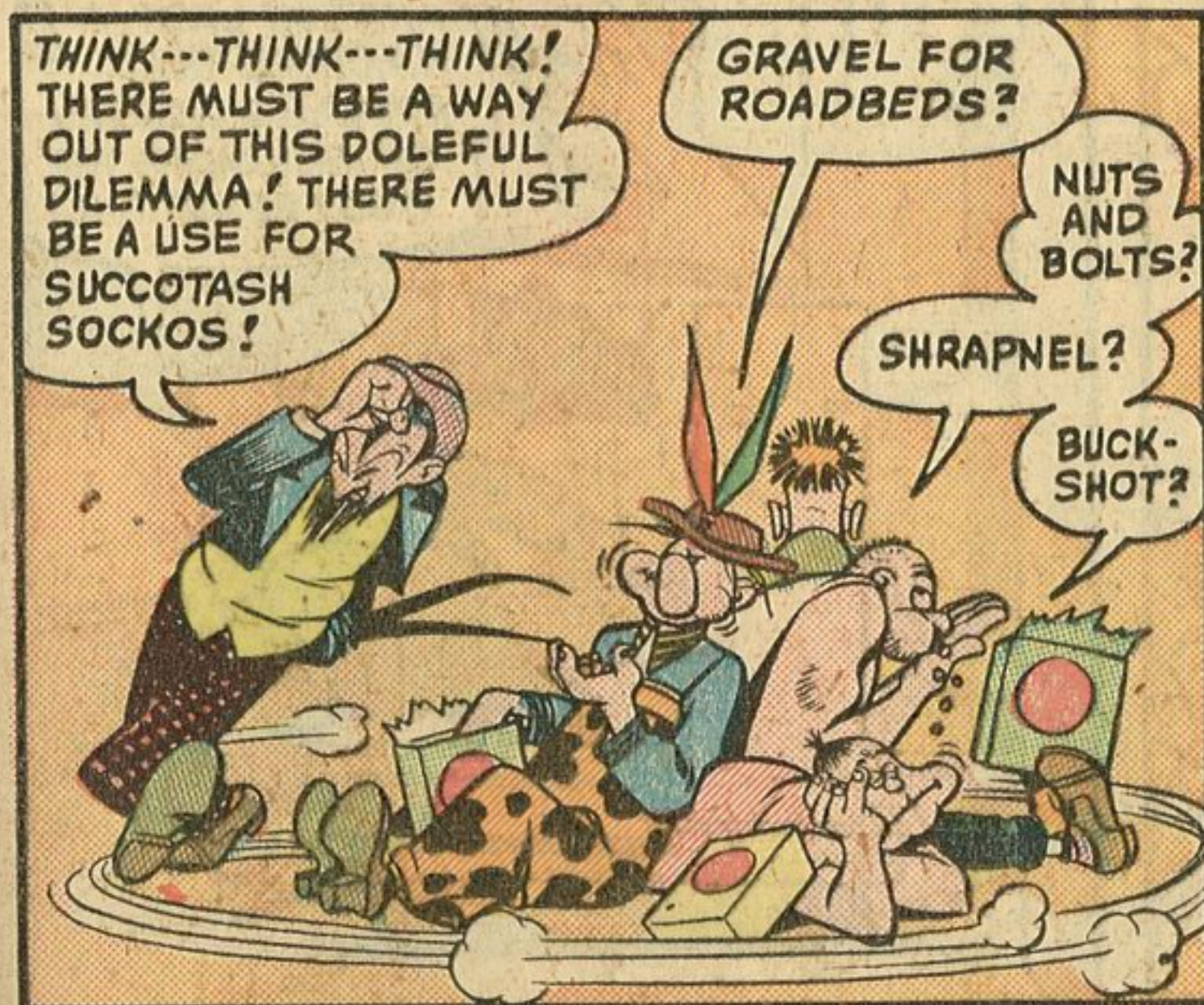
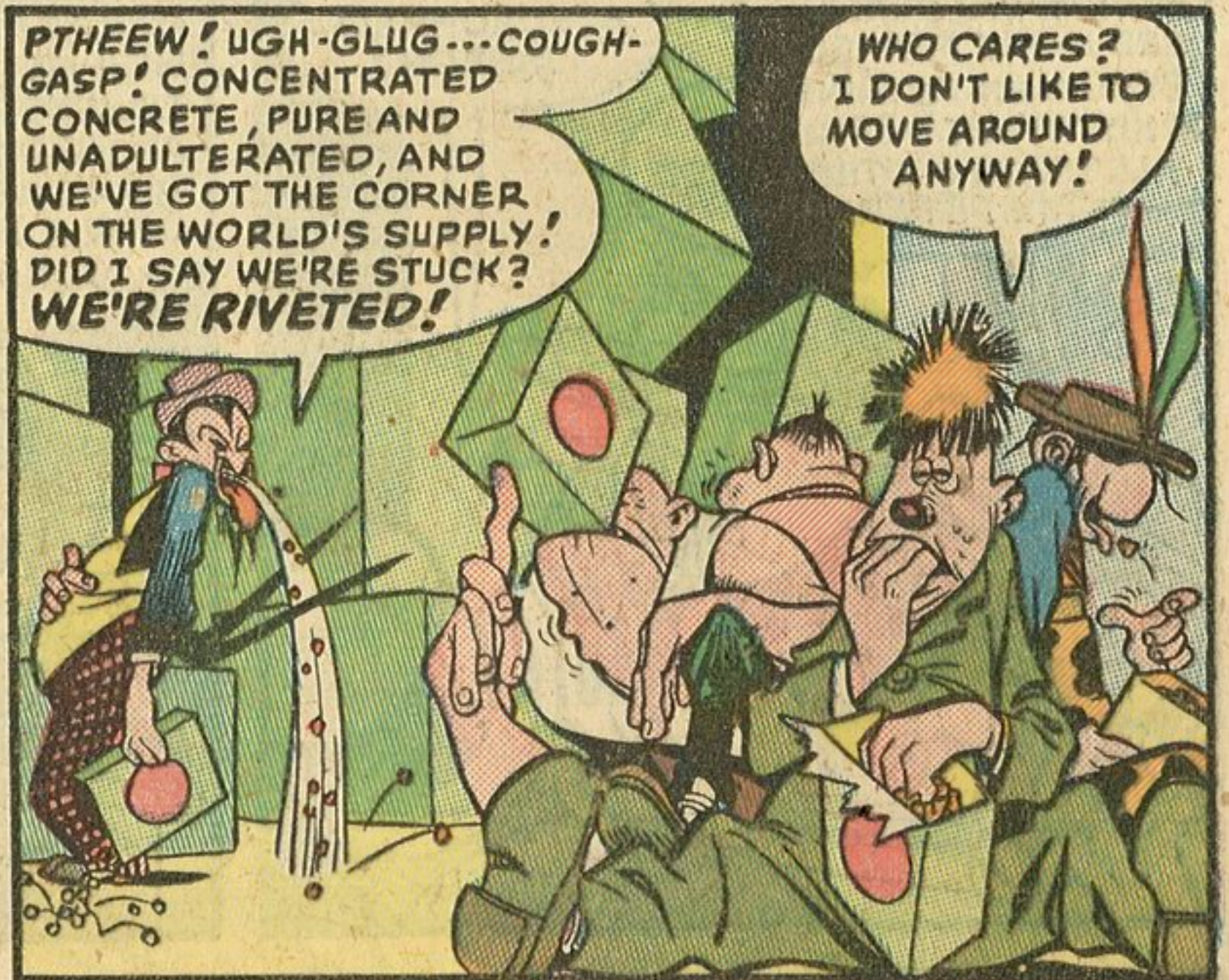
ME, SYKO CASE, THE DILETTANTE OF THE UNDERWORLD CONVERTED OVERNIGHT INTO A BREAKFAST FOOD BARON---A POTENTATE OF PAMPERED POPCORN! OHHH, THAT MY EYES HAD NEVER SEEN THE LIGHT OF THIS SHAMEFUL DAY!

GEE WHIZ, HOW WUZ WE TO KNOW WHICH FREIGHT YARD THEM CASES OF SILK WUZ IN? WE THOUGHT THIS WUZ A BIG DEAL! LOOKA THE SIZE OF THEM BOXES!

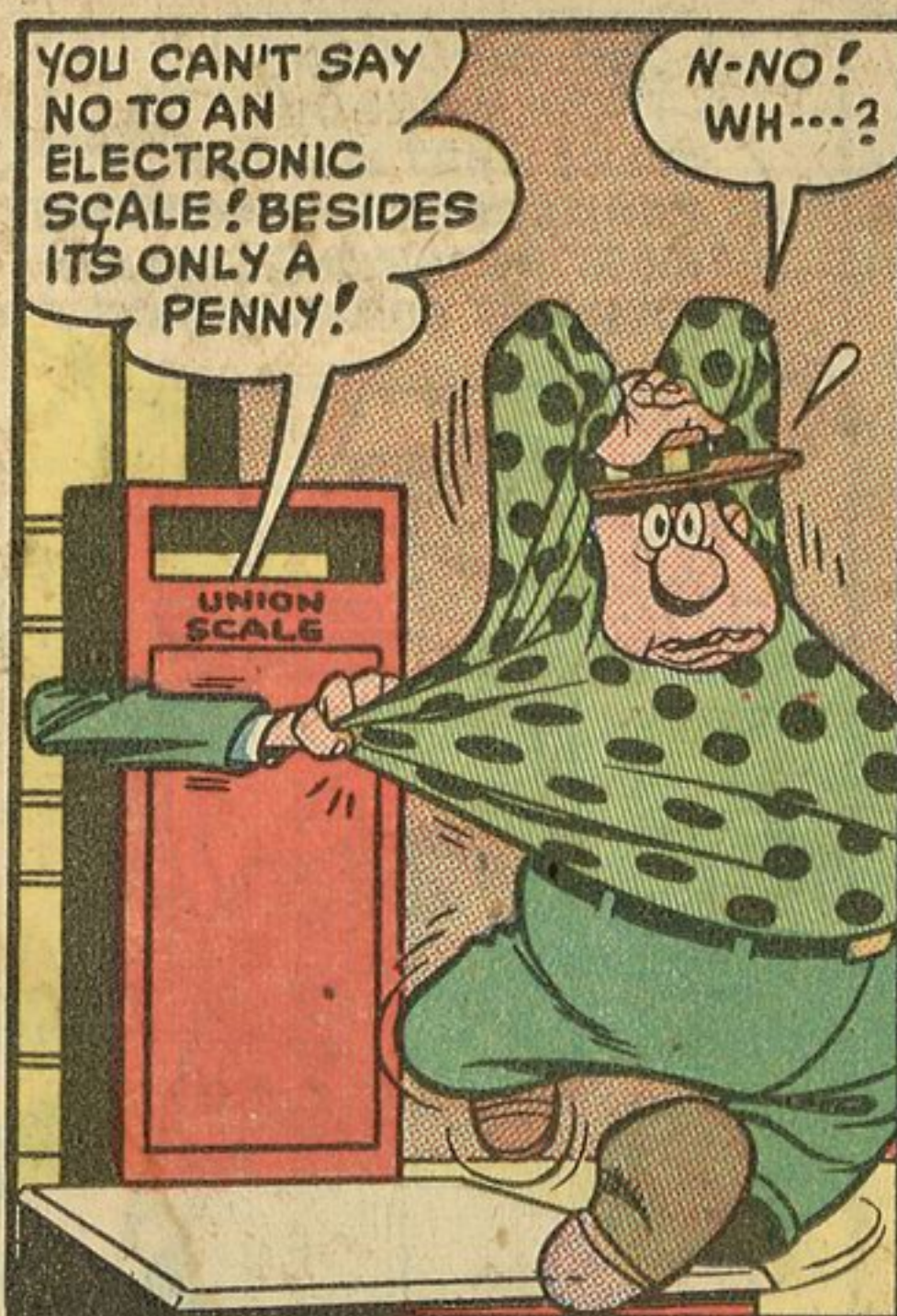
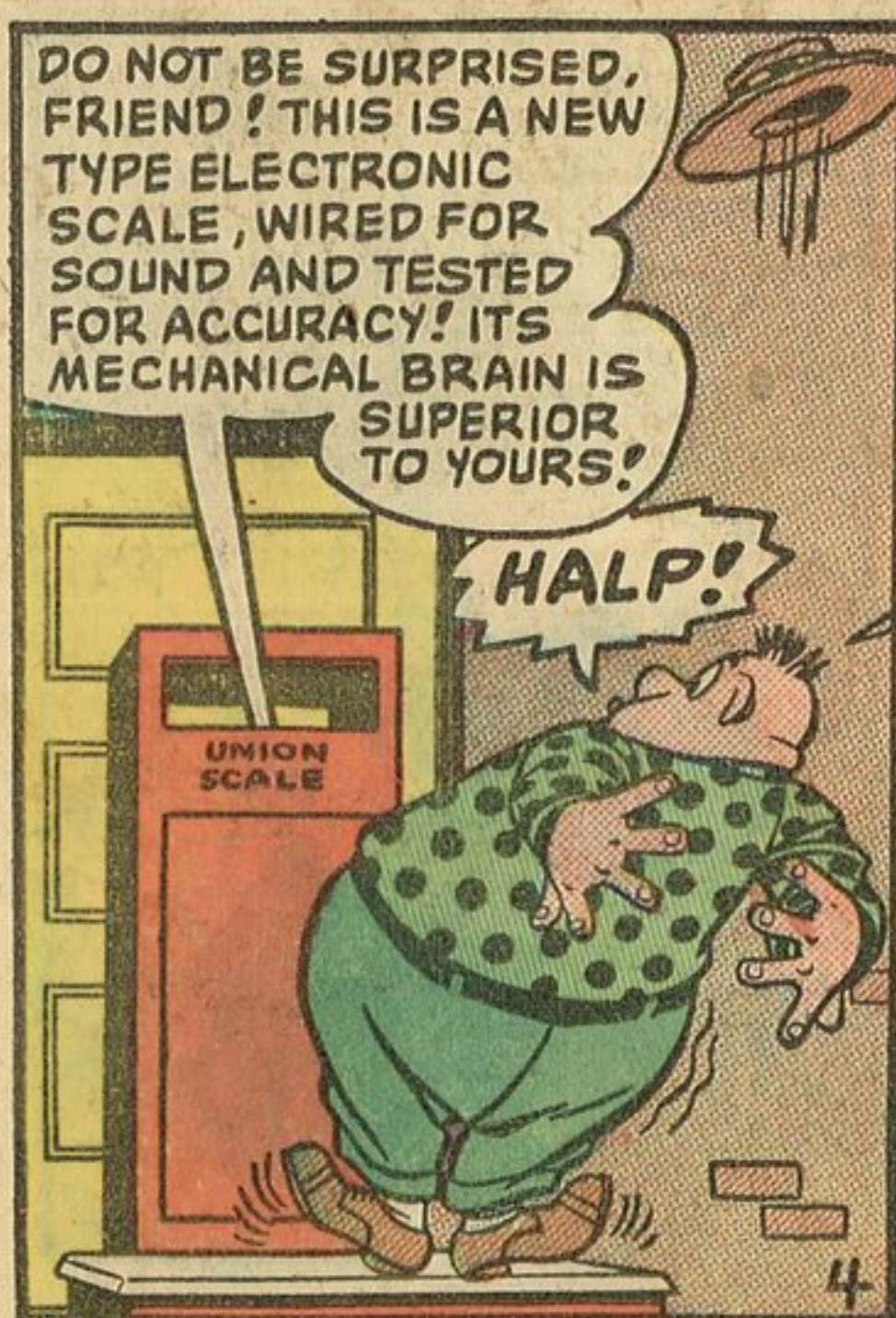
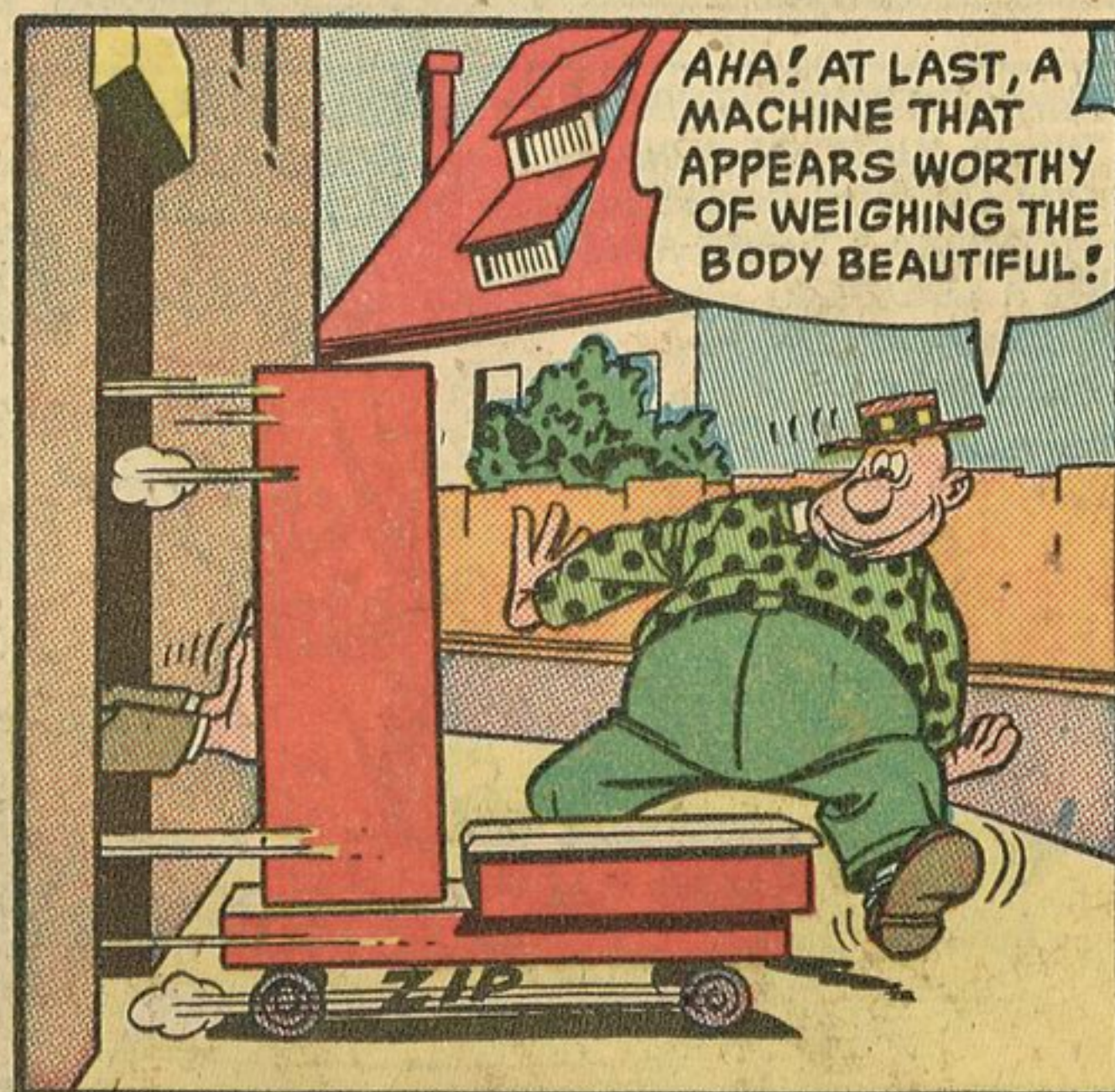
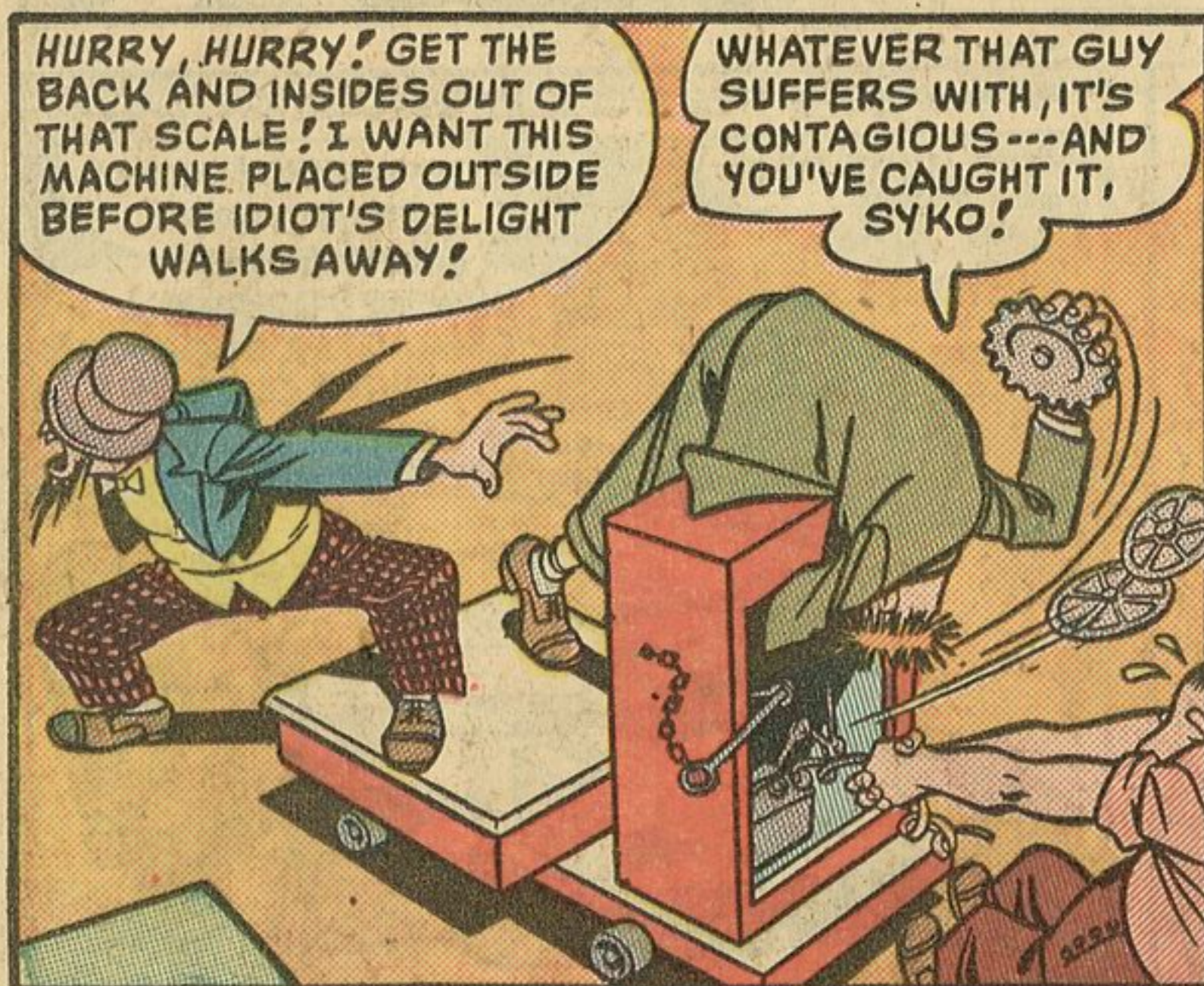
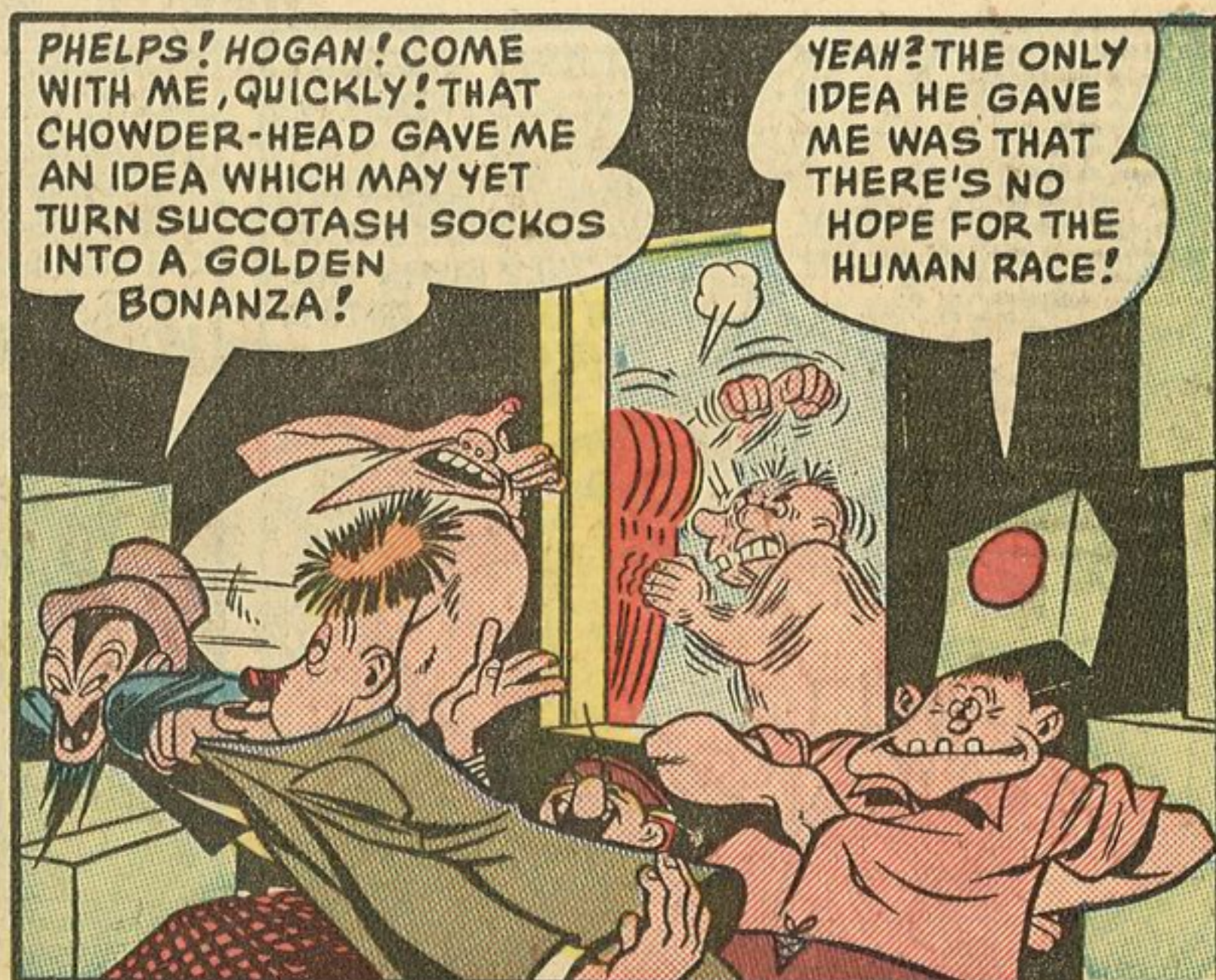
SUCCOTASH SOCKOS

THE BREAKFAST FOOD OF CHUMPS, CHOMPS

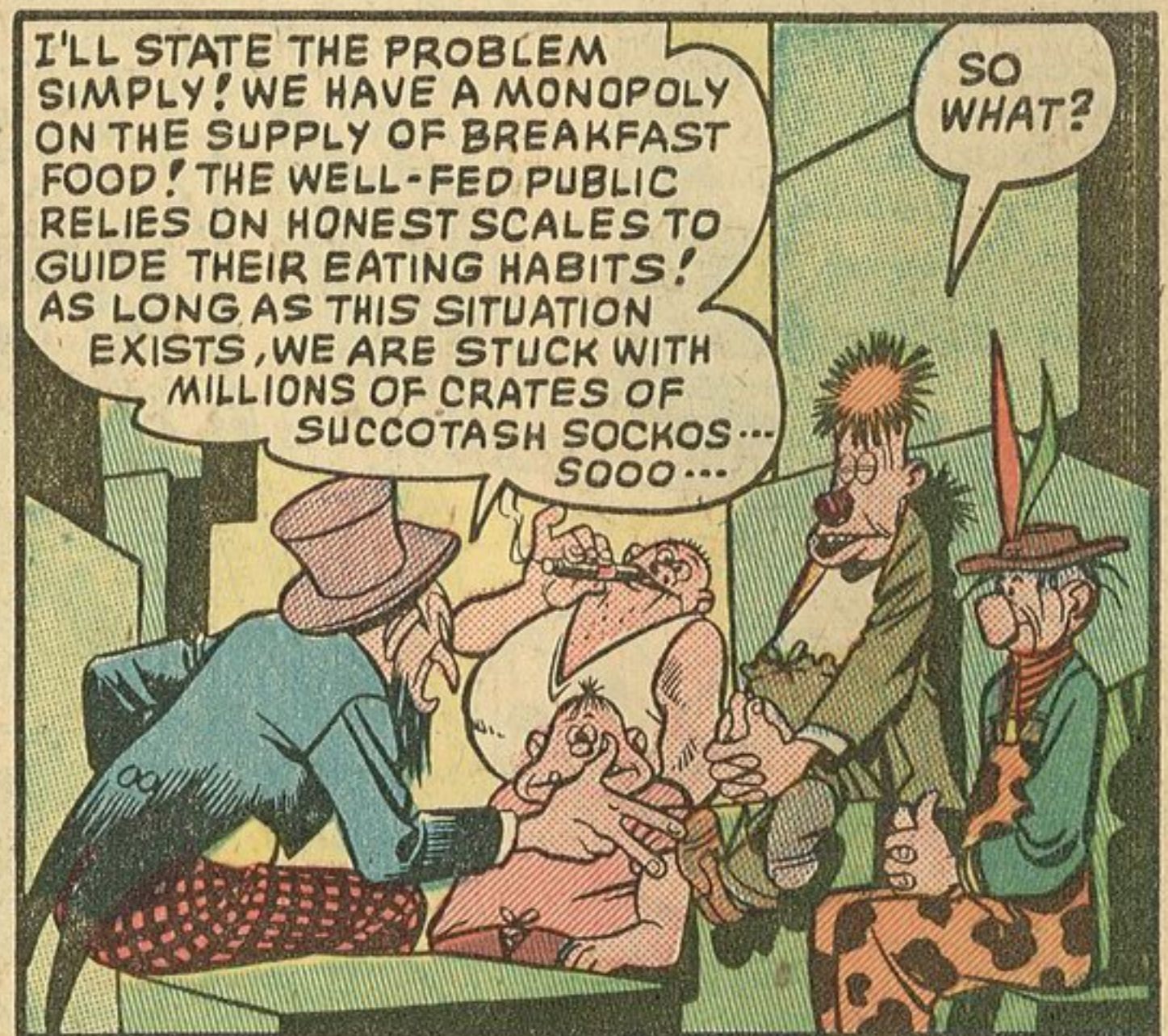
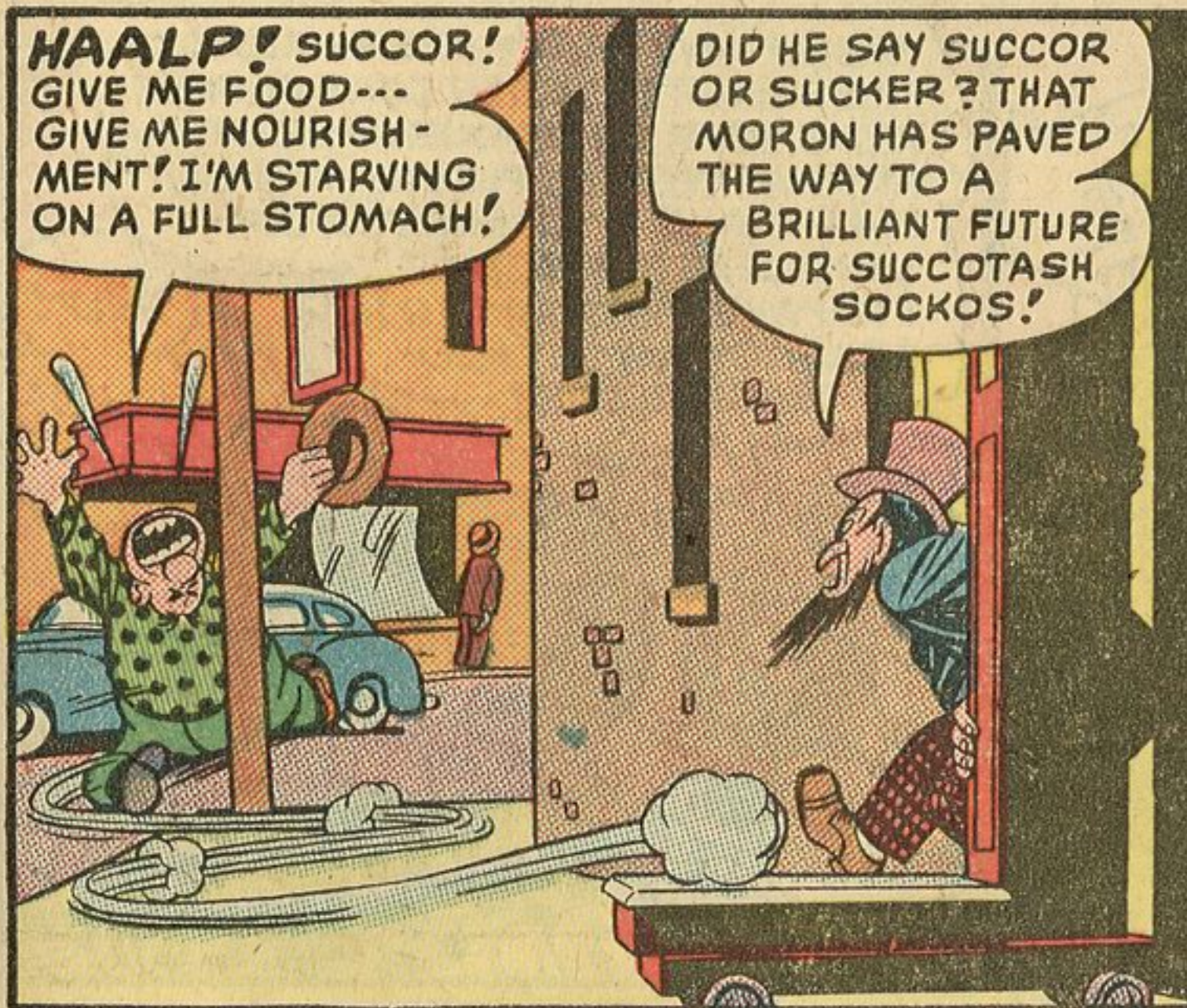
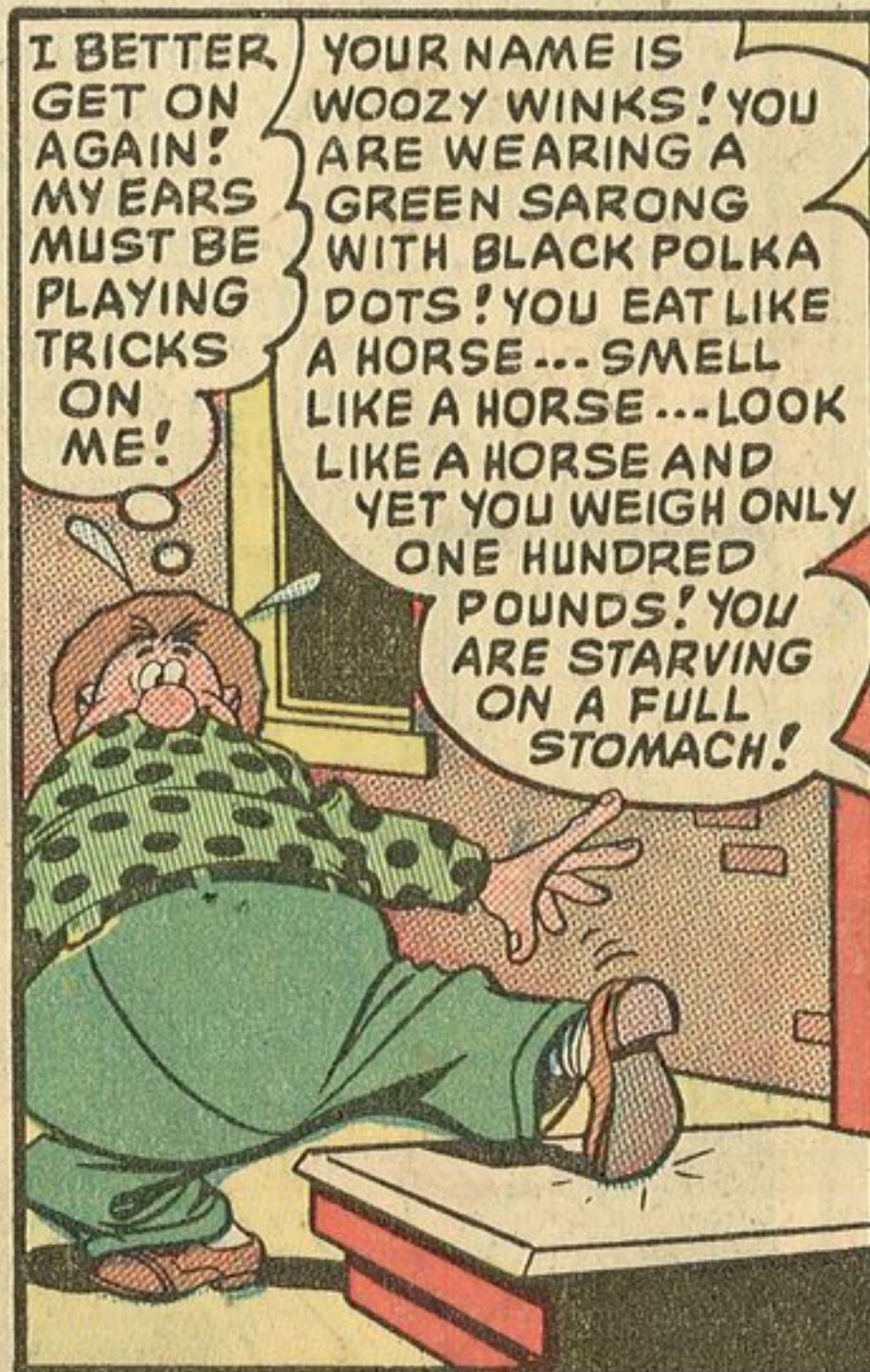
PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN

TWO DAYS LATER...

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE, PLAS! A MILLION CARTONS OF BREAKFAST FOOD DON'T SIMPLY VANISH FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH! WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO STEAL BREAKFAST FOOD IN THE FIRST PLACE?

A TACTICAL ERROR! I'VE CHECKED THE FREIGHT YARDS AND FOUND THAT A TREMENDOUS SHIPMENT OF SILKS WAS IN THE YARDS AT THE SAME TIME THE BREAKFAST FOOD WAS STOLEN!

YOU MEAN THE CROOKS HI-JACKED THE BREAKFAST FOOD INSTEAD OF SILKS?

IT SOUNDS MORE LOGICAL THAN STEALING SUCCOTASH SOCKOS! ANYWAY, I'M GOING TO MAKE A CAREFUL CHECK OF ALL THE WAREHOUSES IN THE VICINITY!

NOW WHAT IN THE WORLD COULD BE SO ATTRACTIVE IN A RESTAURANT!

G-GULP! WOOLZY WINKS! IN TROUBLE AS USUAL!

And THIS IS WHAT PLASTIC MAN SEES...

M'SIEU--'AVE MERCY! REMEMBER ZE FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN OUR NATIONS! REMEMBER ZE STATUE OF LIBERTY AND LAFAYETTE! PLEEESE, M'SIEU, I WILL TAKE UP ZE MATTER OF LEND-LEASE WEETH ZE PROPAIRE AUTHORITIES! I CANNOT PAY EET ALL BACK ALONE!

GULP! GLUG! UG!

PUT THE BRAKES ON YOUR JAWS, WOOLZY! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

I AM RUINED, M'SIEU! THEES MAN EES NOT HUMAN! HE EES A RATION DESTROYER! HE DOES NOT EAT, M'SIEU---HE SUCKS UP ZE FOOD LIKE SO---SWOOOSH!

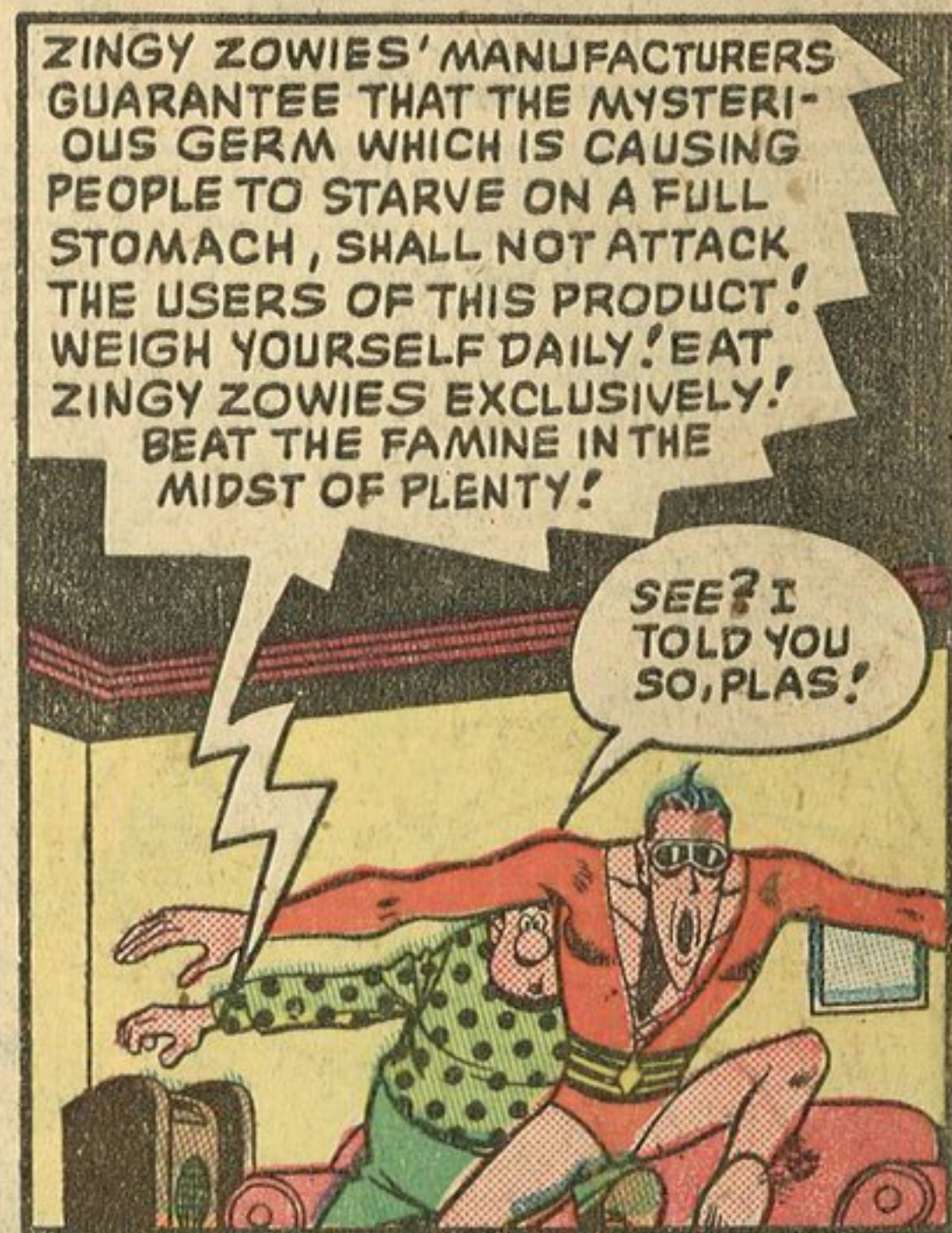
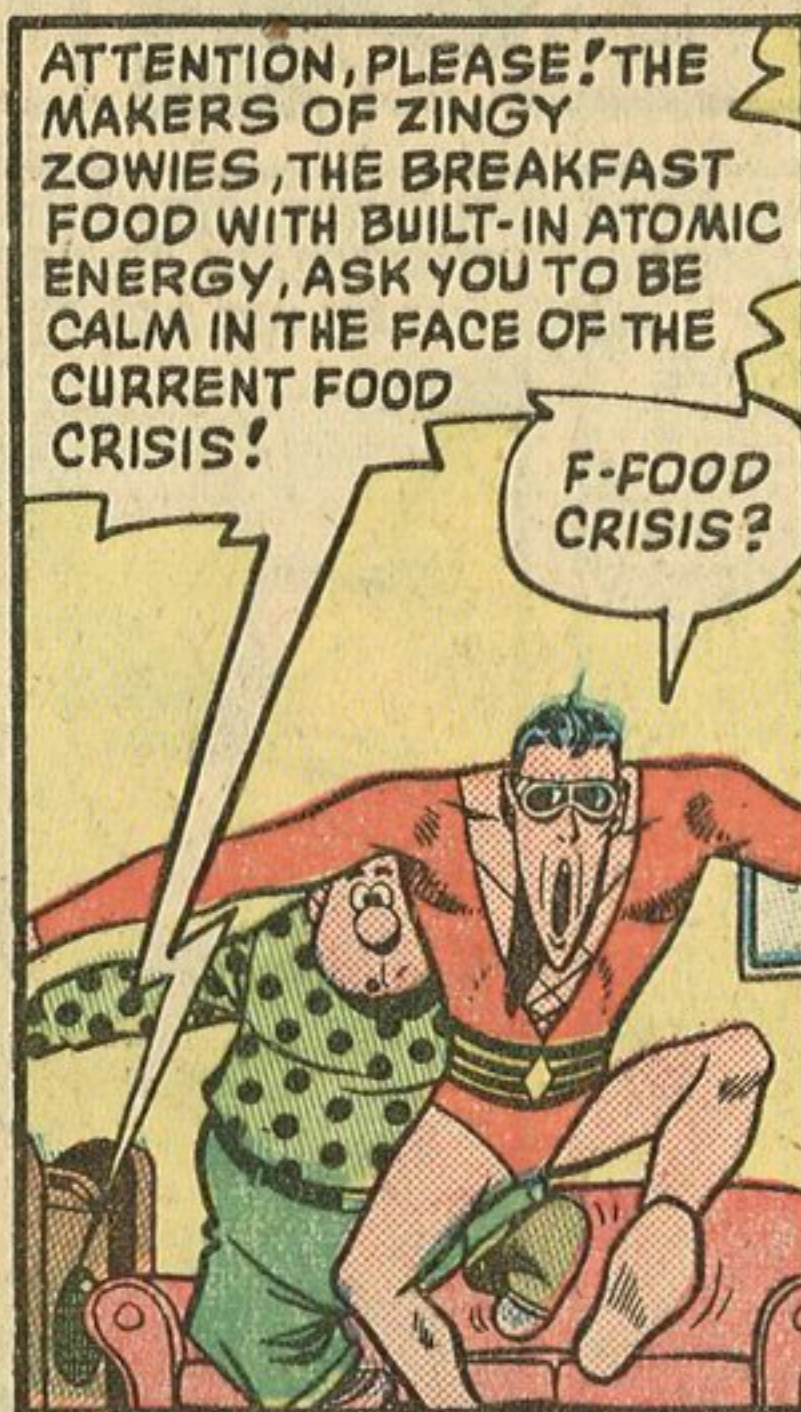
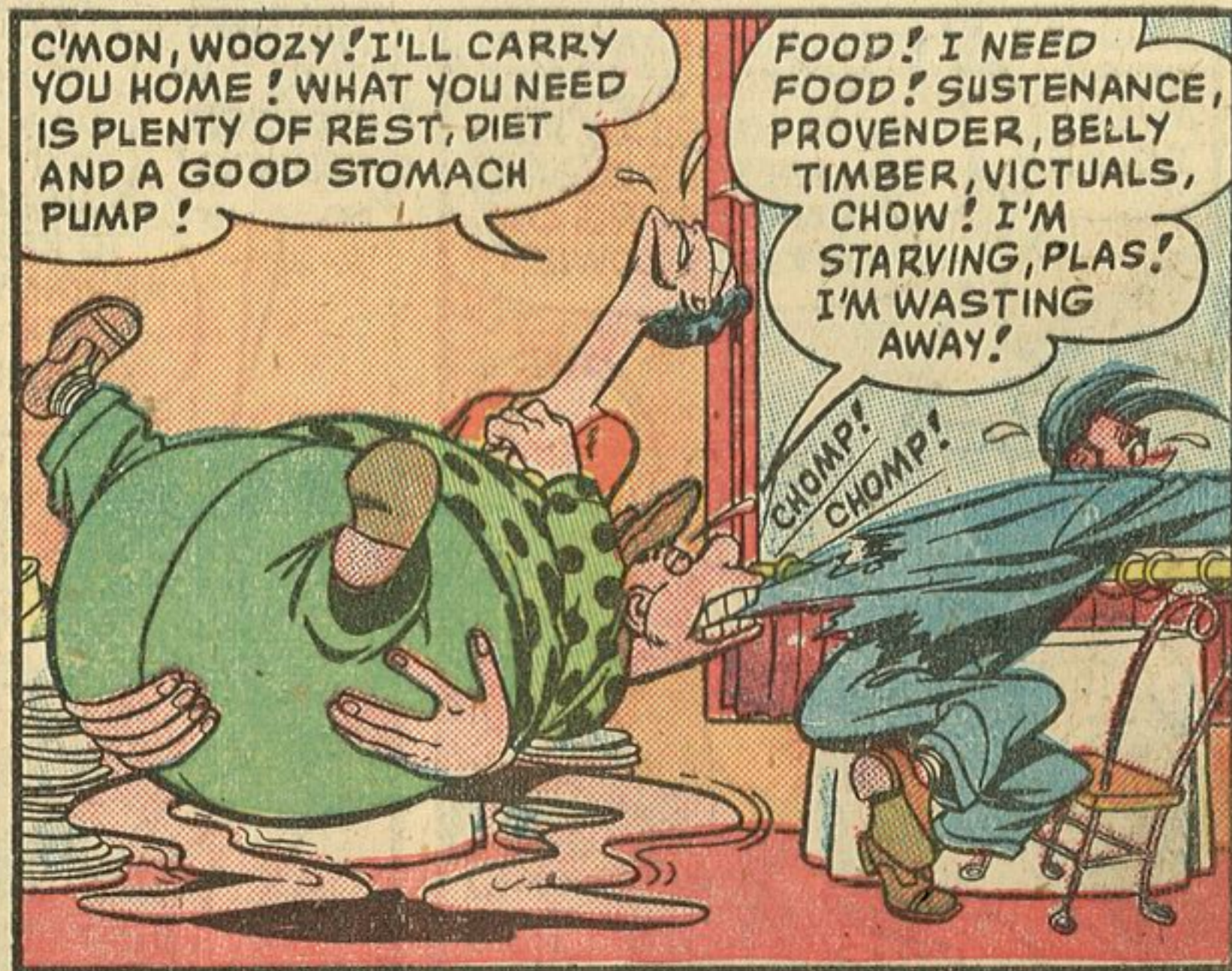
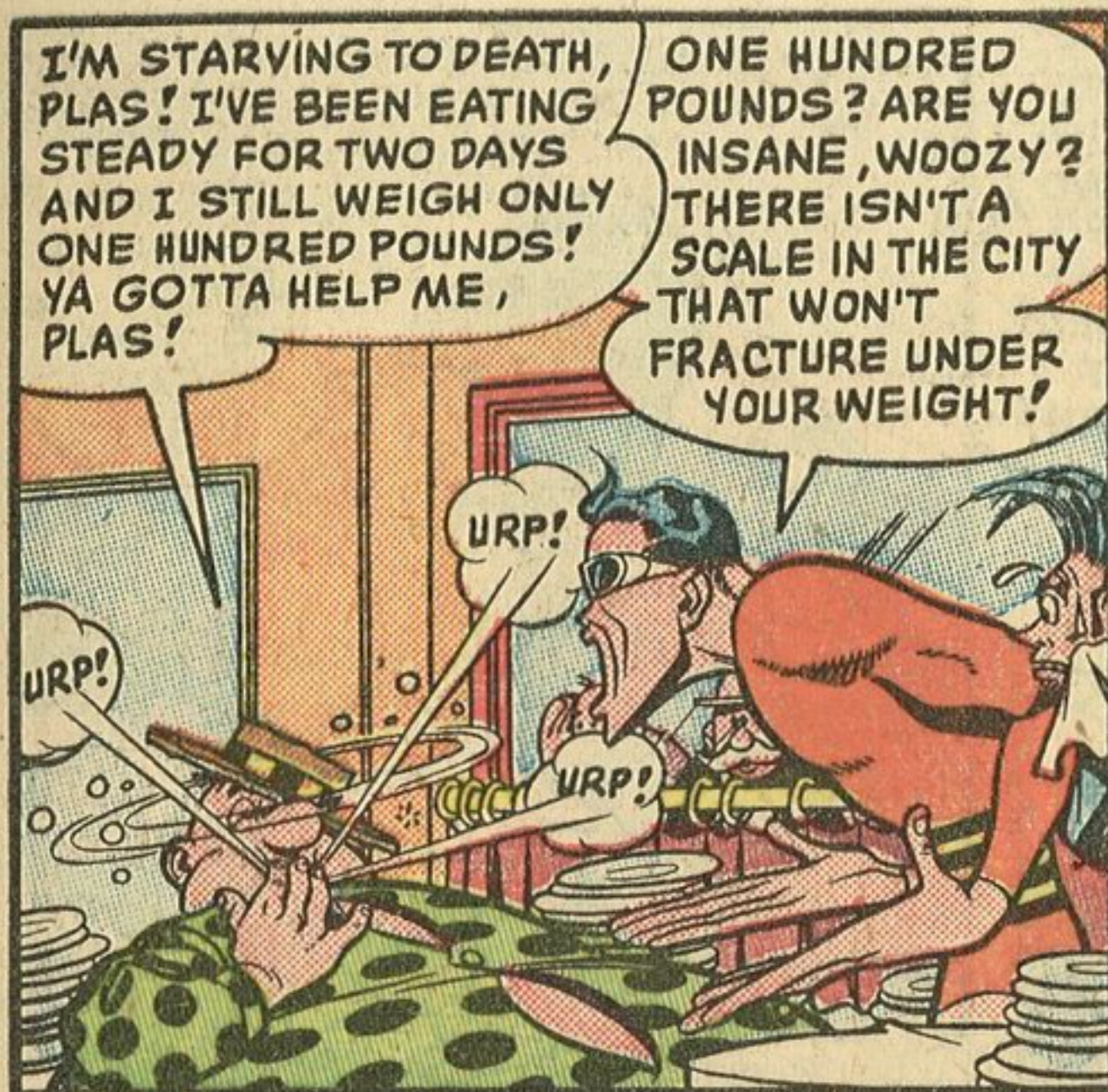
SLUP!

EET ALL HAS START WEETH A SIGN I HAVE EEN ZE WINDOW! EEFA CUSTOMER WEEL FINISH ONE OF MY FILET MIGNONS, HE EES WELCOME TO EAT AS MUCH ELSE AS HE CAN!

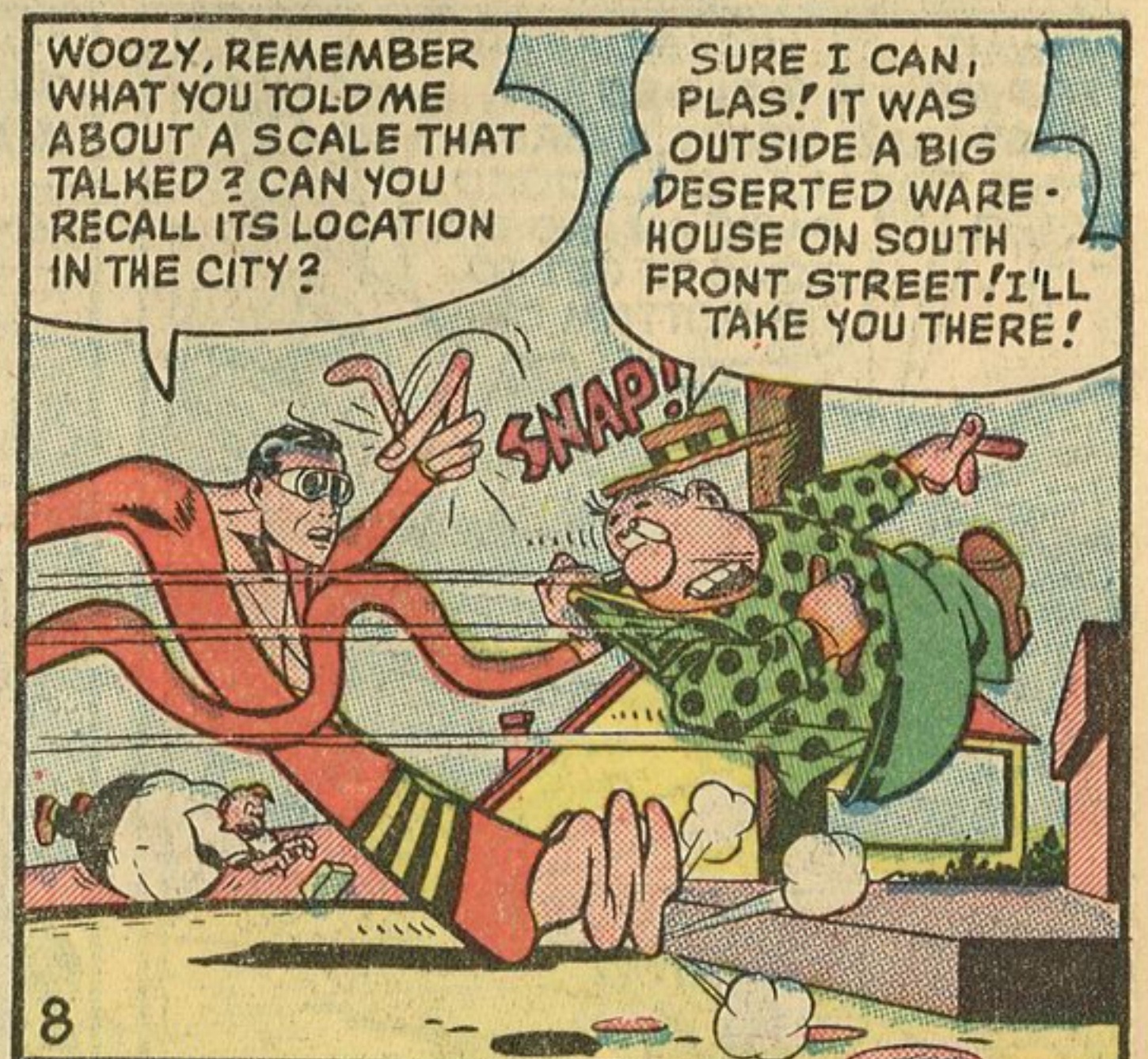
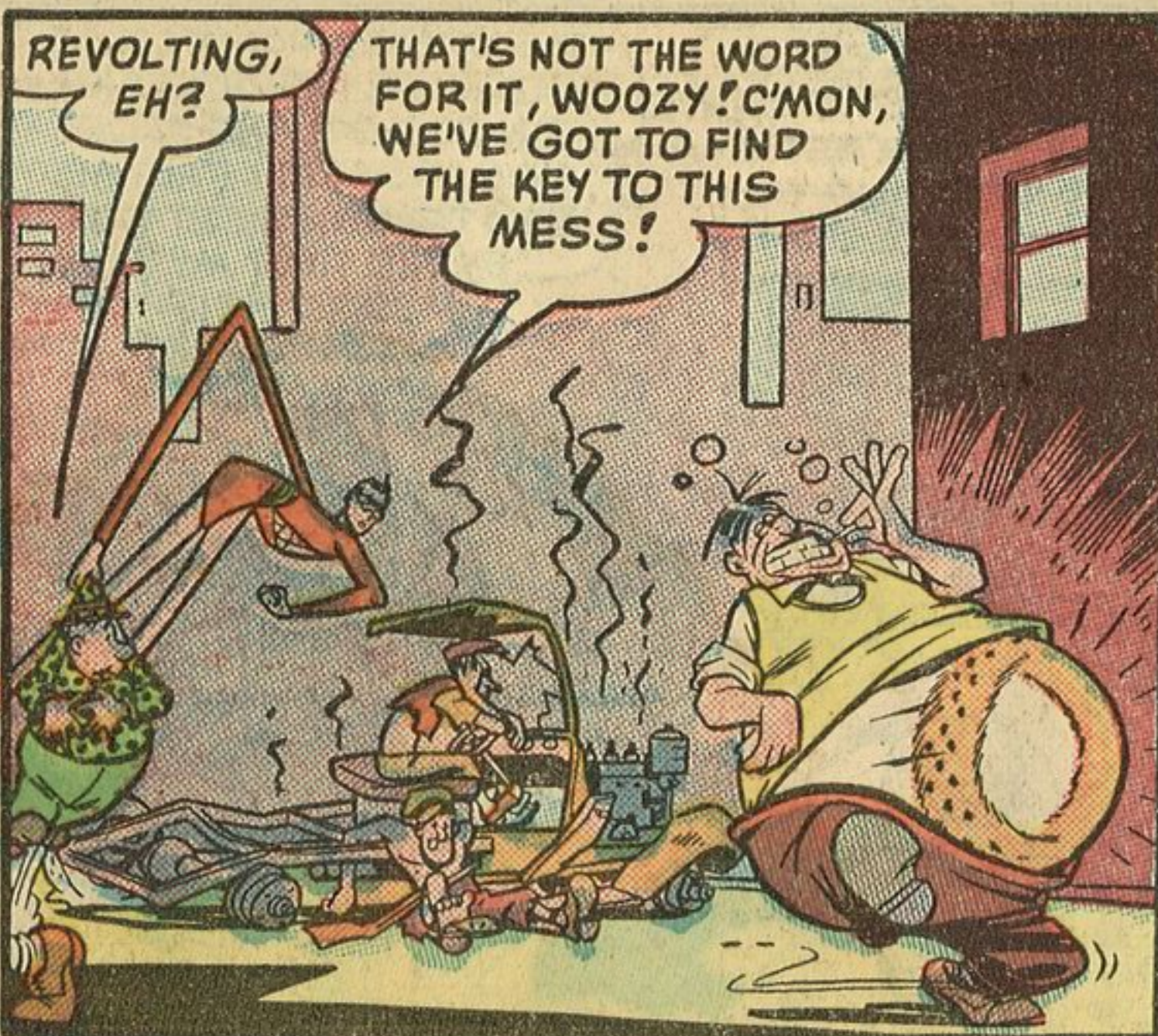
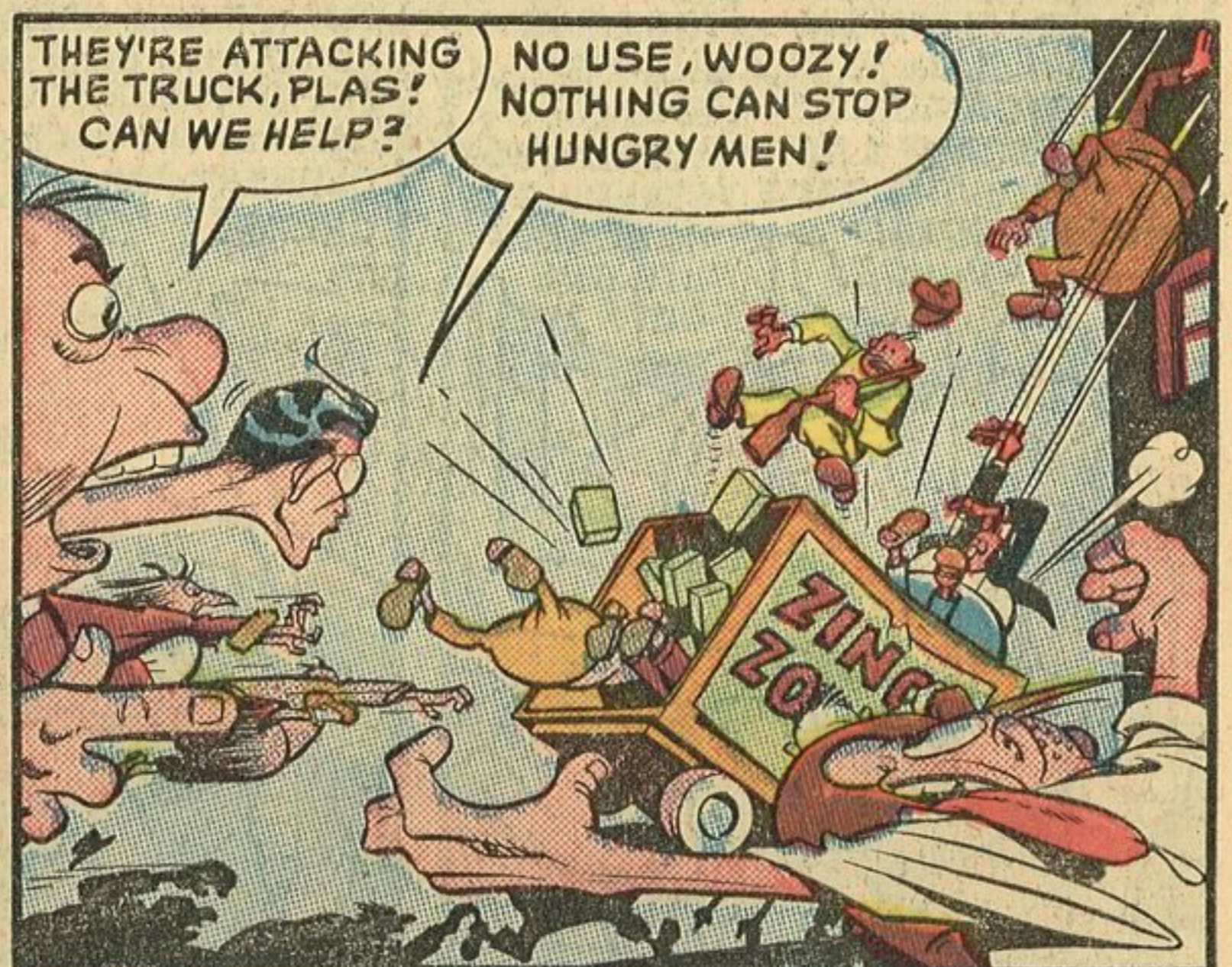
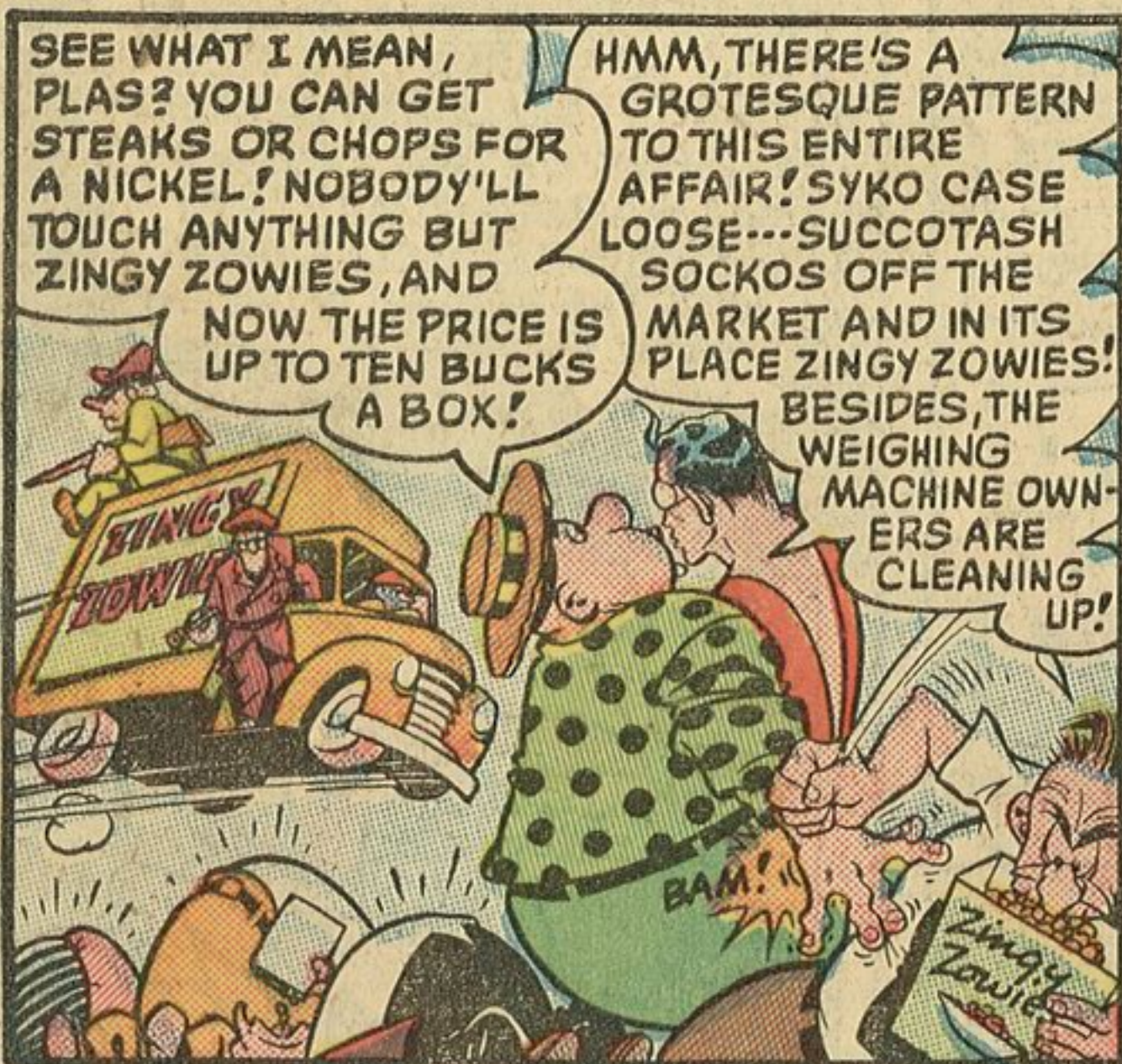
NOW LET'S HEAR YOUR SIDE OF THE STORY!

URP! URP! URP! URP!

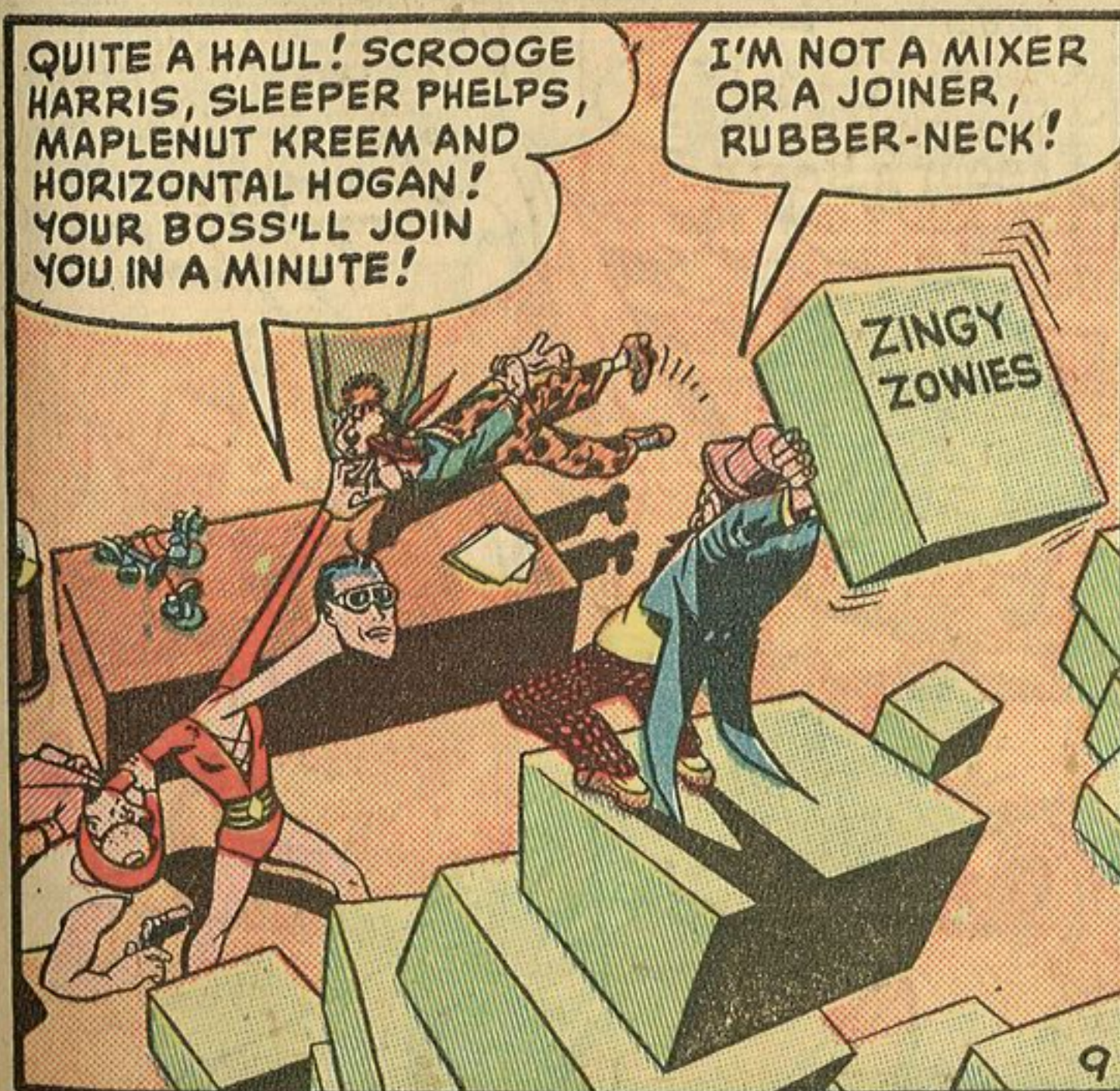
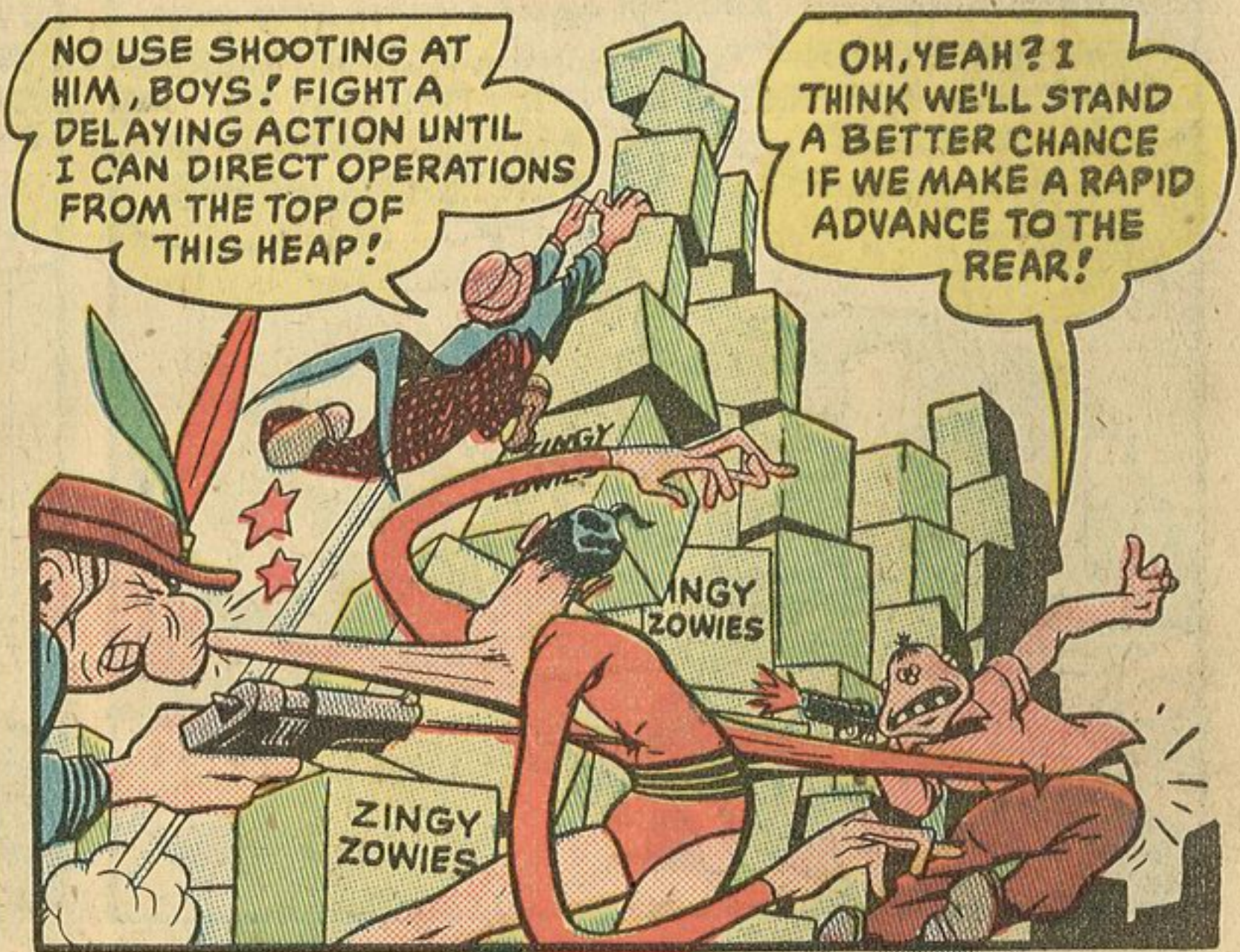
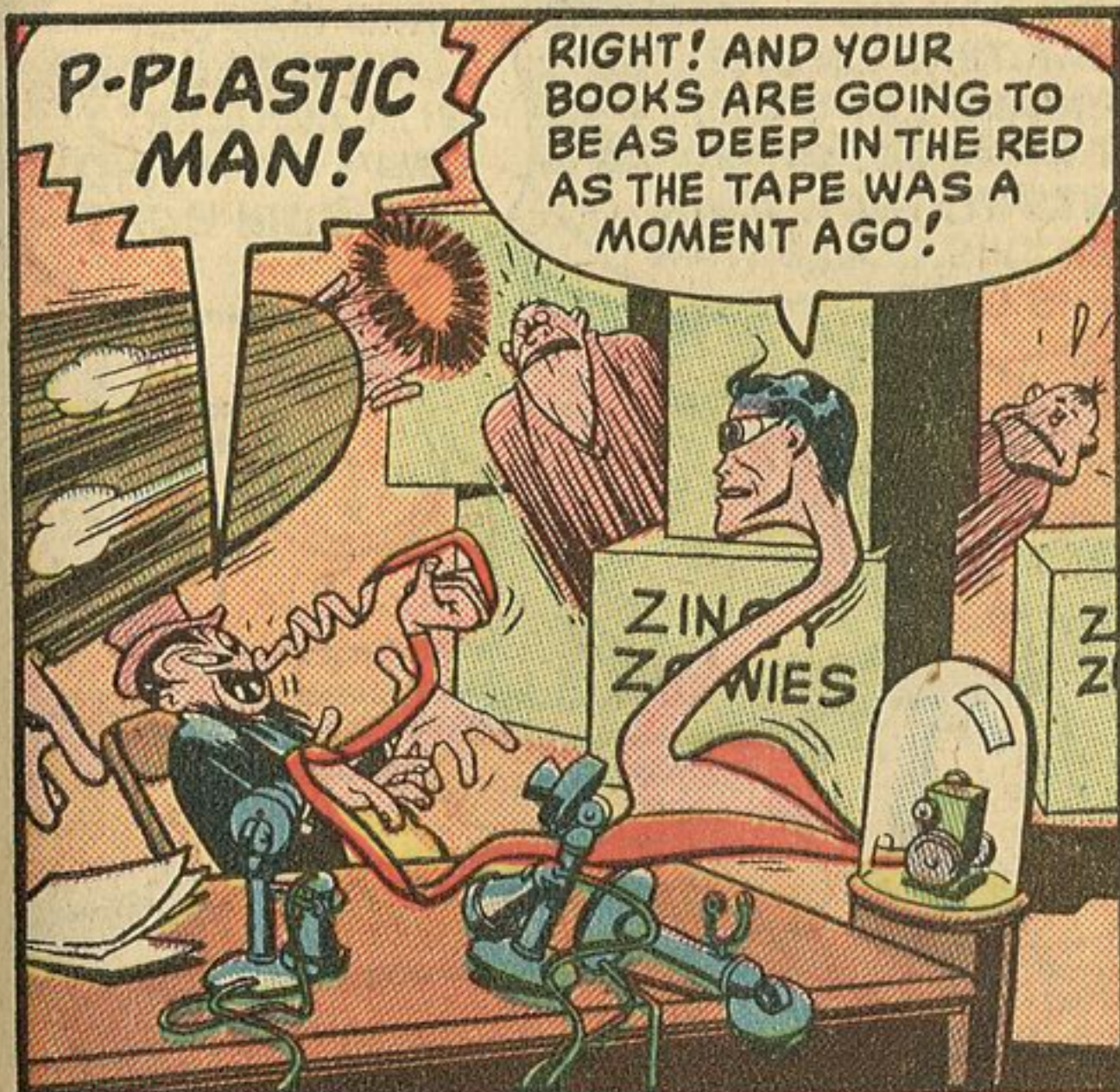
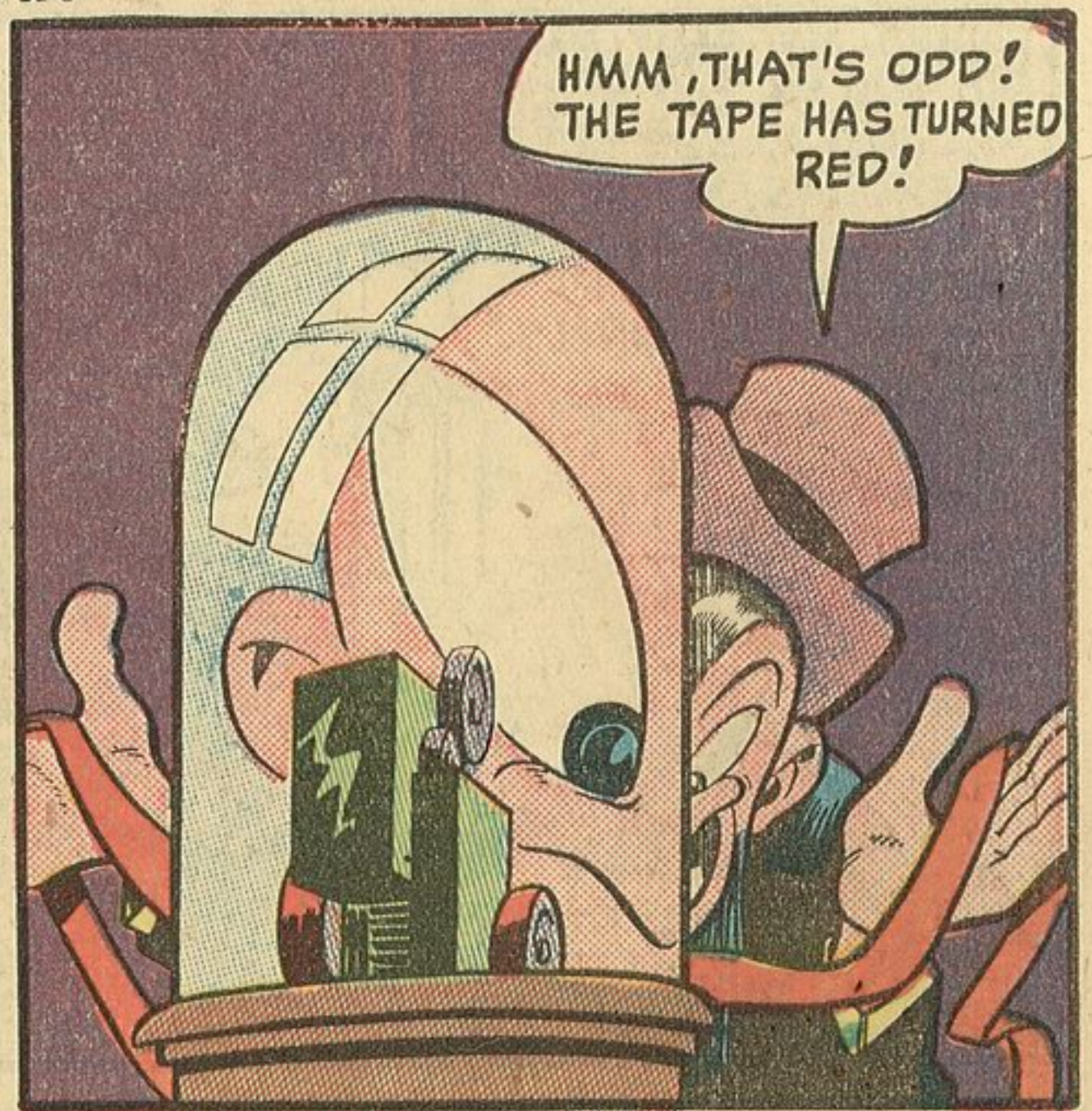
PLASTIC MAN



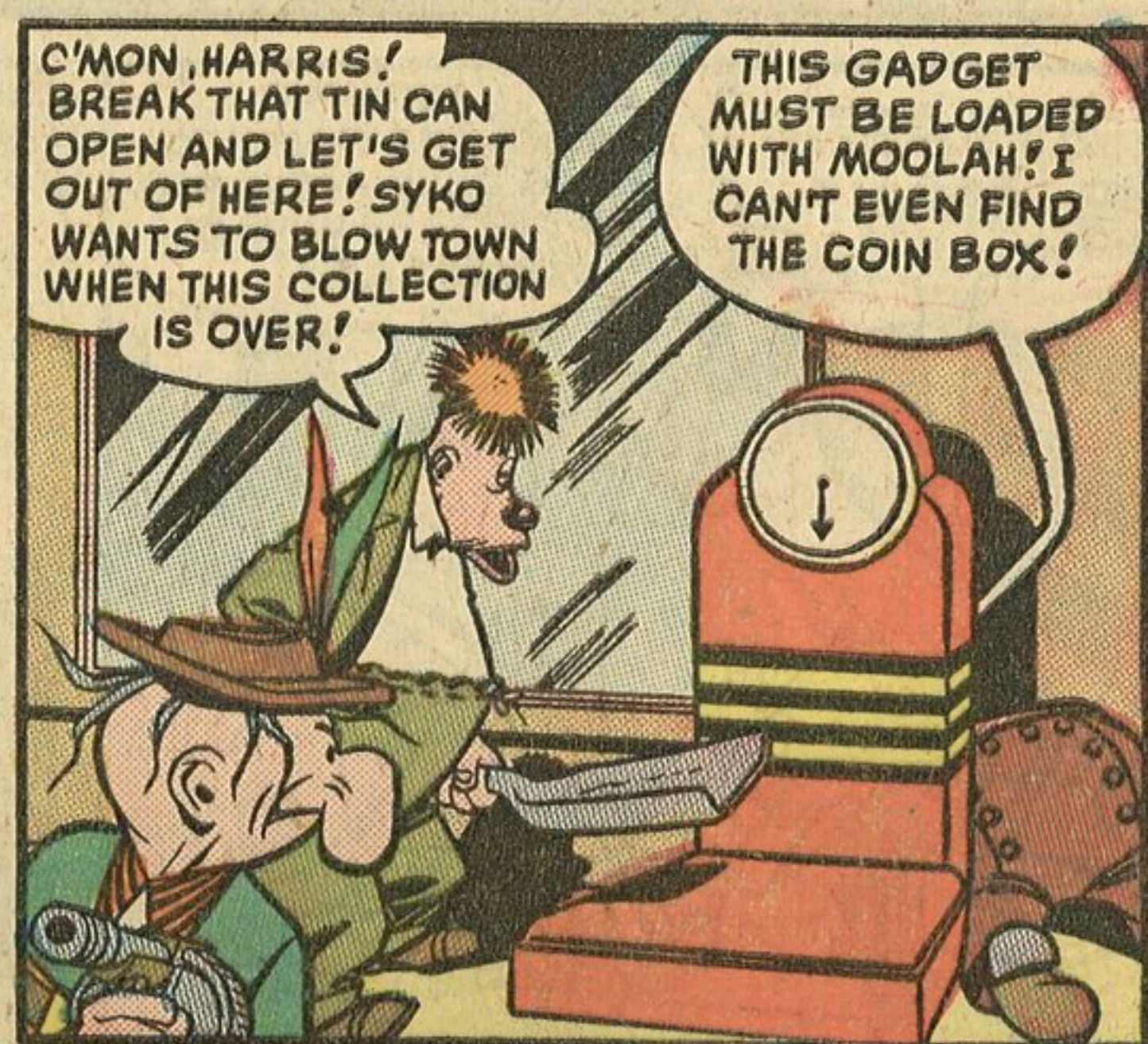
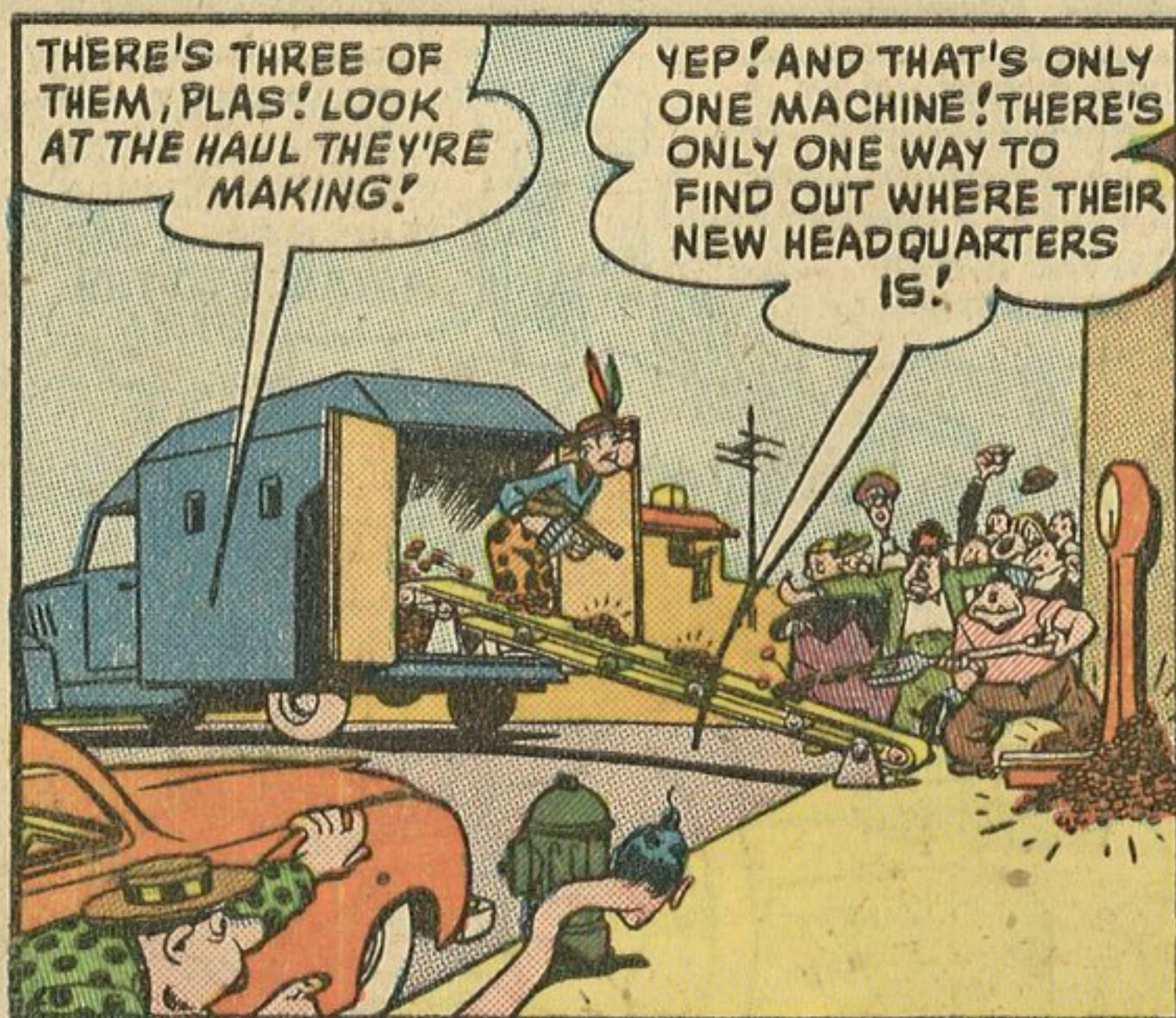
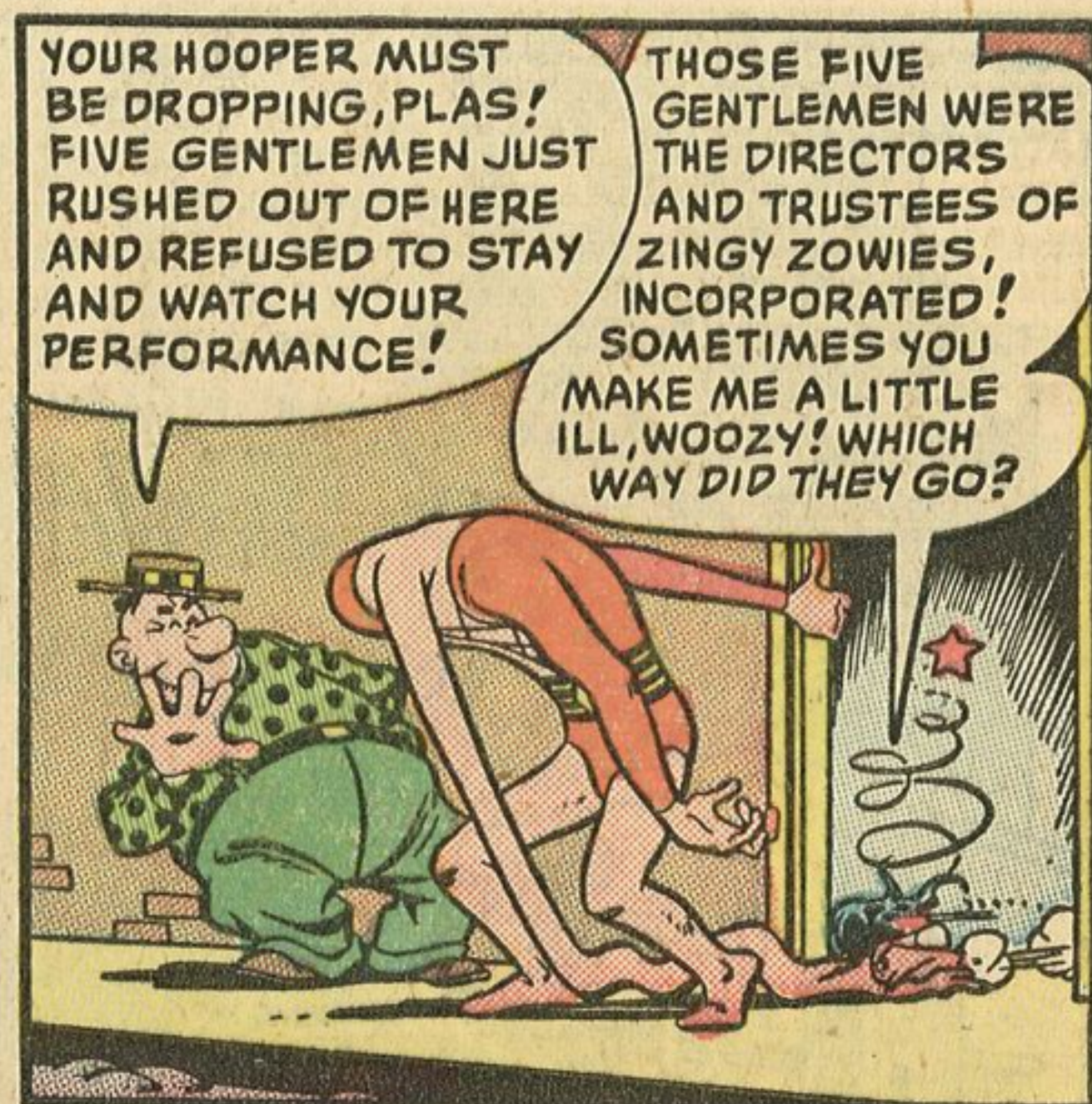
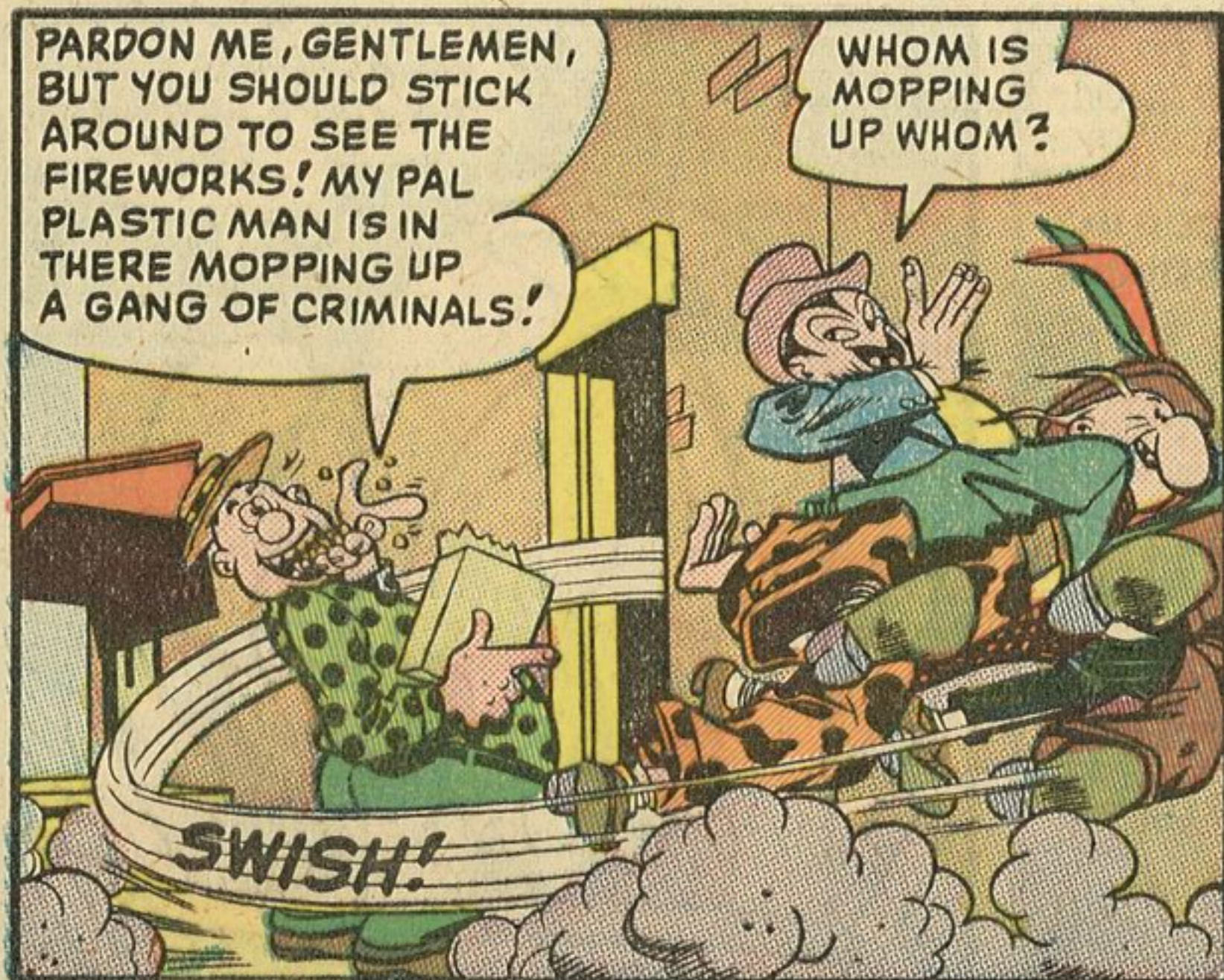
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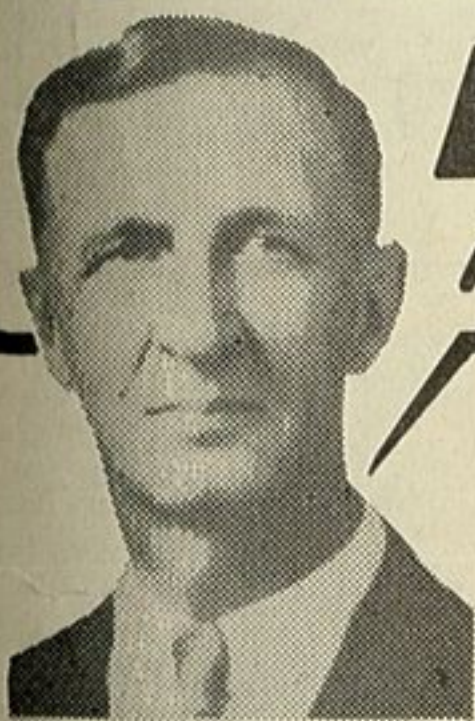
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